Mrs W B Smith

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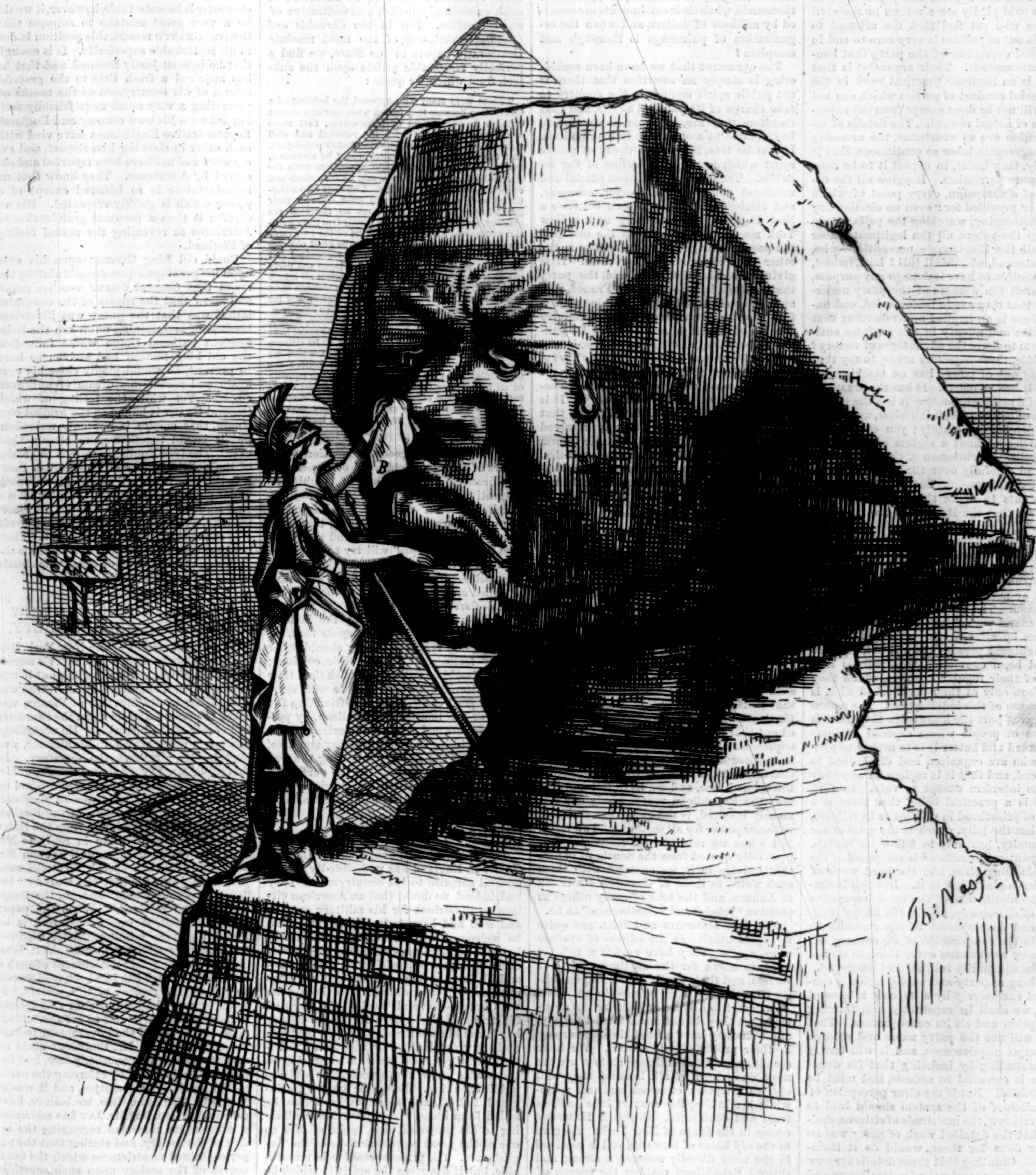

BRITISH INTERESTS.

Mother England. "There! don't be frightened: I'll protect you."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine portrait of* LÉON GAMBETTA, *and several pictures relating to the War in the East.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

POLITICS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THERE are a great many persons who would gladly see a reform in the civil service who yet feel that the attempt to take it out of politics is very sure to end in the total overthrow of the party that honestly attempts it. Their argument is that there is an immense practical work in the successful conduct of parties which can not and will not be done except from the expectation of actual reward. The details of organization are so wearisome, the necessity of disagreeable labor so continuous, that it is folly, they insist, to expect it to be done from pure patriotism. Imagine all the details of a campaign, every point of which must be provided for; even on election day the challenging, watching the polls, bringing up the voters, all the legitimate labor and all the illegitimate necessities—who, they demand, will do all this? how, indeed, is it possible to have it done to any purpose, unless all the workers of the party understand that they are to be rewarded, and unless there is an implied understanding that diligence and fidelity in this business entitle them to share the advantages of victory? It is idle, these objectors argue, to say that a party out of power has no machine, because it has no offices. It has the organization of a machine, because it has the expectation of offices. No, it is useless, urge these good people, desperately; you can't carry on parties without a system of what you call spoils. A gentleman of this kind shook his head dolefully over the proceedings at the Custom-house. "The President," said he, "wants to break this machine; but I don't see that the Democrats are breaking theirs."

Now no one who is familiar with practical politics is ignorant that they are managed upon this theory. We do not deny it, of course, but we do not admit that it is a sound or necessary principle. Observe its operation. The great want of the country is a general participation in the details of politics by all citizens. Among the mass of intelligent persons there is not, as there should be, a conviction that politics is a part of their regular business, which they can shun only at their peril. And what is the reason of this indifference? The reason is in great part the knowledge that there is a class of people whose especial business and bread and butter it is to attend to politics, who are organized and disciplined to that end, and that it is useless for any body else to interfere except to vote. In fact, there is a practical belief that there is a kind of priesthood in politics as in religion, and that the laity, which is the mass of the community, has only to follow its leaders. This political priesthood is composed of the office-holding class, and the hard work of politics is gladly left to it. But this is simply the abdication of the most imperative duty of citizenship, and as the happy progress and development of the republic lie only in the co-operation of all citizens, the tendency to abandon every thing to a class is to be summarily resisted and destroyed.

So long as party and public action is controlled exclusively by a selfishly interested class, we shall be constantly encountering corruption and all its consequences. That class will use the party name and scourge to compel acquiescence, and it will terrify the hesitating by insisting that its dominance is essential to success, and must be maintained. But if the clear perception of the mischief of the system should lead to its overthrow, the multitude of citizens, finding that the detailed work of party was no longer done for them, would do it themselves. Granting that those details are now done, for instance, by the Custom-house and its alliances, and that a reconstruction of the Custom-house on reasonable principles would throw the party management into confusion, the alternative would then be either return to a system conceded to be most dangerous and demoralizing, or a general participation in politics by the great body of the community. If the former should be the result, the government could not long endure the strain, for an election would not then be a question of policy, but a vast struggle for the division of enormous booty. That was the root of bitterness at the last election, and it will become more and more bitter as the country enlarges and office multiplies. In 1801, when JEFFERSON was President, when hatred and fear of a consolidated government were in the ascendant, when the national offices were few, and the spoils system was yet hardly known, JEFFERSON, who accurately measured forces whose methods and results in the Old World were familiar, wrote to a friend:

> "One thing I will say, that as to the future, interferences at elections, whether of the State or Federal government, by officers of the latter, should be deemed cause of removal, because the constitutional remedy by the elective principle becomes nothing if it may be smothered by the enormous patronage of the general government."

If this could be truly said when the offices were few and inconsiderable, what shall be said when they are numbered by tens of thousands, when their emoluments are counted by millions of dollars, and when the organization of patronage is thorough and complete?

The argument that we have been considering is simply an assertion that there is not public spirit enough in the country to take charge of its political affairs, and that therefore they are, by common consent, to be intrusted to a class who live by politics. If that be true, it shows a decay of public spirit which is the sure decline of the republic. The difference between official and unofficial politics, in character, economy, and efficiency, is the difference between a New England town-meeting and a New York municipal election. In the one case the people manage their own affairs, in the other they are managed for them. It is giving the Administration, and the party that controls it, a power, as in France, vast and dangerous and incompatible with a free popular government. If the country is satisfied that it is safe to allow its politics to be managed for it by a class, it will permit the present system of the civil service to become, as it inevitably must, worse and worse, until the question of change becomes vital and even revolutionary. It is a fortunate and "providential" fact that the Executive is now sincerely resolved upon the fundamental and patriotic reform of separating the civil service from politics. The most promising methods of accomplishing such a result are not to be considered at the end of a long article.

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

ONE of our correspondents goes so far as to say that since the President's order withdrawing the United States troops from the South Carolina State-house, he regards the cause of the Union and the North as "the lost cause." He also quotes angry and contemptible extracts from some Southern papers, and refers to deplorable outrages in Southern States as conclusive evidence of the folly of lifting the armed hand from such States. We are not disposed to deny that there is a great deal of "bad blood" in the Southern States. We have often pointed out that slavery had long and deep consequences. We have never failed to expose and denounce the inhumanity which has characterized so much of the treatment of the colored race, and we have felt and feel that the Republican party, wisely and humanely inspired, is the safer depository of national power for all sections and all races. But when we read the ferocious and flippant folly quoted from the Southern papers that indulge in it, we contrast with them such words as those of Governor HAMPTON at Auburn, and the tone of many others as positive "rebels" and "Southerners" as he.

Men like HAMPTON and HILL are quite as representative as the editors of obscure newspapers. They have as fair a title, at least, to speak for the sentiment of their section, and their words have a responsibility that those of such editors do not have. To attempt to dispose of them by the assertion that they do not mean what they say, and that they have a most sinister purpose in their professions, is absurd. We have seen it gravely stated that such men are the most dangerous of all, because they still cherish purposes of secession, and meanwhile are lulling the country into perilous trust and confidence. Governor HAMPTON comes to the State of New York. He goes to the old home of SEWARD, and is received in the most friendly manner, a strong and shrewd Republican making the speech of welcome. He replies frankly, avoiding all merely partisan allusions, and declaring that he is honestly in favor of negro suffrage, that great numbers of negroes voted for him, and that, God helping him, he will defend and protect them. There is no more reason to doubt that he says what he honestly thinks and feels than that Mr. POMEROY did likewise. If the majority of his fellow-Democrats in South Carolina are less reasonable than he, it is a pity; but there are, of course, many who feel as he does; and if there is ever to be sincere harmony in the Union, it can spring only from a hearty mutual recognition of those who have the same general purposes. Mere sectionalism is mere mischief. The general welfare is certainly not promoted by the assumption that "the South" is hopelessly and irremediably hostile to the Union, bent upon secession and upon ruining "the North." No politics can be more wretched than to assume that hate of the negro and of the North, however much of such feeling there may be, is the secret of all political action in the Southern States, and that consequently the Republican policy should be one of armed occupation and control.

The State of Georgia has called a Convention to revise its Constitution. Some of the reasons of discontent with the present Constitution, as we have already said in these columns, seemed to us natural, and some exceedingly foolish and indicative of unwise action. But in the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, one of the most resolute Democratic papers in the State, we find a perfectly reasonable article upon the subject, from which we quote:

> "There were many who opposed the holding of a Convention because they feared wholesale and violent changes in our system of government, that there would be interference with the political and civil rights of the colored portion of the State's population, that the common-school system would be abolished, that the Homestead Law would be stricken from the statute-book, and that there would be immediate and sweeping removals from office. The men who entertained such apprehensions will soon discover their groundlessness. At a time when no elections are pending, and when the State is wholly free from political excitement; when the relations of the two races are of the kindest character; when the great changes produced by the war have been fully recognized and accepted; when partisan feeling is allayed and party passions have subsided—at this time, when all things are opportune for so doing, the people of Georgia meet in sovereign Convention to make an organic law for themselves, their children, and their children's children. Their counsels will be governed by wisdom, justice, and moderation, and their desire will be to make laws under which the State may flourish and all its citizens prosper. These are some of the things which we think the people wish, and which we believe the Convention will give them: 1. The absolute equality of all men before the law, and equal political rights for all classes and colors; 2. Such a common-school system as will allow the children of every man, no matter how poor he may be, to obtain at least a good English education."

And the article proceeds to mention other points of desirable detail, but of no political significance. Such an article is quite as suggestive as that from the Mobile *Register*, which has been carefully republished in many Northern papers, declaring that "the South was right" in the war, and that "the true Southern people" will try to make the national government as like the Confederate as possible. This shows, perhaps, what may be called an "ugly" spirit; but the same article declares that the same people "are honestly determined to abide by the Federal government." As long as they do that, we may properly regret that they should suffer "ugly" feelings to control their conduct; but we should be still more foolish than they if we flattered ourselves that we were serving any good cause, such as befriending the negro or the Southern Republican, by perpetual taunts and sneers and recriminations, and by fostering sectional jealousy and hate. The duty of the country following the war is still immense, and it can be performed only in a high, generous, and patriotic spirit, whatever may be our party associations.

GENERAL GRANT IN ENGLAND.

THE warmth of the reception of General GRANT in England has undoubtedly been a general surprise to his countrymen. They had, indeed, no doubt that an American citizen so illustrious for his military service, and who had been twice President, would be welcomed with honorable distinction; but the extraordinary character of his welcome could not be anticipated. All classes and kinds of people—princes and workingmen, corporations, cities, universities, even the Church—have all swelled the pæan of his triumph, and our plain fellow-citizen has borne himself through all with the tranquillity which is familiar, and with a felicity of brief response which is surprising to those who know how sincerely he dislikes public speaking. Before he arrived in England, indeed, and some weeks before he sailed from home, the London *Times*, alluding to his proposed visit, spoke of him as one of the great representatives of the English race. The praise seemed to be remarkable, but it describes the spirit in which he has been welcomed. At the Trinity House banquet, when the Prince of Wales presided, surrounded by princes, dukes, marquises, earls, members of the cabinet, and noblemen, gentry and men of various distinction, Earl CARNARVON said:

> "Strangers of all classes, men of letters, arts, science, state, and all that has been most worthy and great, have, as it were, come to this centre of old civilization. I venture, without disparagement to any of those illustrious guests, to say that never has there been one to whom we willingly accorded a freer, fuller, heartier welcome than we do to General GRANT on this occasion—not merely because we believe he has performed the part of a distinguished general, nor because he has twice filled the highest office which the citizens of his great country can fill, but because we look upon him as representing that good-will and affection which ought to subsist between us and the United States."

This has been the tone of all the speeches addressed to him. Nor is it surprising. It is to the final and complete success of the Union arms under the command of General GRANT, and to the successful issue of the Geneva arbitration, proposed and completed under the Presidency of General GRANT, that the present unprecedented good feeling between the two countries is mainly due. He is for these reasons especially the representative American of the last twelve years, and this fact is more evident in England than it is here, where judgment is confused by details that are insignificant or disagreeable. While this representative character is incontestable, however, it would be a very great mistake to suppose that General GRANT'S remarkable position is due to his remarkable superiority. It is enough that he is most justly honored, and that he has acquired a fresh title to the grateful esteem of his countrymen as the means of promoting a very much more friendly feeling between his own country and England. Representative Englishmen have vied with each other in showing him respect, and every word and act have been reported and observed by Americans. They know that no representative is so honored except of a power which is greatly respected. His reception is thus a personal gratification to Americans as revealing the actual feeling of England.

Could old King GEORGE open his eyes upon his great-grandson congratulating the realm that General GRANT was its guest, and know that the reason of the congratulation was that the guest was illustrious because of maintaining unbroken the independent national Union whose formation the old king himself had striven so hard to prevent, he would gladly close his eyes again and resume his dream of unbroken empire. Yet while the feeling of which General GRANT is hailed as the symbol continues, that empire is not only unbroken, but is bound together more closely than ever. The true English empire is the realm of the political ideas of the English race; it is the empire of civil and religious liberty under popular institutions. England has a just right to be proud of America, as America may, with equal justice, rejoice in every step of political progress in England. Their meanest and most insidious mutual foe is the jealousy and suspicion of those who should be the most intelligent of friends.

MR. MOTLEY AND THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE recent action of the New York Historical Society in regard to Mr. JAY'S memorial of Mr. MOTLEY was not final, but it was in every view a mistake. Mr. JAY, who was a successor of Mr. MOTLEY at Vienna, was asked to prepare a paper upon the character and career of the historian. He accordingly wrote a paper which, in his absence, was read by Mr. STEVENS, the secretary. In this paper Mr. JAY, of course, speaks of Mr. MOTLEY'S diplomatic services, and when he reached his official residence in England, he quoted some expressions of the English press upon his removal, and from the letter of the Secretary of State in reply to Mr. MOTLEY'S justification, as well as from Mr. SUMNER'S unspoken speech upon the subject. Mr. JAY adds that Mr. MOTLEY "believed that time would condemn the treatment he had received." When the paper had been read, it was moved that it be spread upon the minutes. After a pause, Mr. BENEDICT said that he thought it "eminently unfitting that a document of such a tone as that which has just been read should be put on the records of this society. It seems to me to be improper for this society to indorse such strictures as are there made upon the action of the government toward its officials." But Mr. BENEDICT made no motion. There was another pause, and the motion was amended by referring the paper to the Executive Committee, and it was so referred. The committee, we believe, have taken no action, but Mr. JAY has addressed a letter to its chairman regretting the action of the society, and stating that the paper contained no strictures which the usual course of the society upon such occasions would be held to approve, but merely historical statements which were of record.

Undoubtedly the circumstances of Mr. MOTLEY'S recall were very unfortunate, and deeply painful to his friends. The Historical Society certainly could not have supposed that any memoir of him would omit alluding to them; and in asking a distinguished member to prepare it, it could not properly be surprised that he should give the impression which those circumstances had made upon his mind. Had he plainly misstated facts, or perverted their necessary significance, the society might very properly have declined to enter the paper upon its records without investigation. But beyond that it should not have proceeded. The members of the society who think that Mr. MOTLEY ought to have been recalled, and that the method of the recall was dignified and just, do not profess any change of opinion by spreading Mr. JAY'S statement upon the record, although it is evident that he disapproves both the recall and the letter of justification.

The records of the Historical Society are the journal of its proceedings. It asked Mr. JAY to prepare a paper. He complied with the request, and the paper was read. It was then a part of the proceedings, and it would certainly be most extraordinary that because certain members differed in judgment from Mr. JAY as to the significance of certain undisputed and indisputable facts, the paper should not be recorded. If the opinions which have been expressed in the various papers that have been recorded should be supposed to be the unanimous opinions of the society, it would be a body of remarkable mental structure. Mr. BENEDICT is a sincere friend of the late Administration. Mr. JAY undoubtedly feels himself aggrieved by it. If Mr. BENEDICT were to prepare a memoir of Mr. SUMNER, it is possible that he might speak of Mr. SUMNER'S relations to the GRANT Administration in a tone that might be distasteful to his friends. But if one of those friends should for that reason object to entering the paper upon the minutes, we, as also friends of Mr. SUMNER, should strongly object to the objection. The Historical Society owes no allegiance to persons or administrations. Its sole loyalty should be to historical truth. Now if the statements made by Mr. JAY are untrue, if the documents he quotes are not authentic, or if he so presents them as plainly and purposely to convey an untruth, let all these things be exposed. But if Mr. MOTLEY, in the judgment of his friends, was wronged by his government, and the Historical Society invites one of those friends to speak of him, it is grossly unjust that the society should insist upon summarily arraying itself against the honored scholar and eminent citizen by refusing to record even an implied plea on his behalf. We trust sincerely that the society will not make the great mistake of refusing the hospitality of its records to a warm tribute to Mr. MOTLEY, even if it should seem to condemn his treatment by the Administration of General GRANT.

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

THE universal protest against the exclusion of respectable guests from a Saratoga hotel because of the race to which they belong, and the consequent attempted identification of that race with repulsive vulgarity, is to that degree a gratifying proof of the just instinct of the American people. It is not denied that there are many persons of that race, as of all races, who are exceedingly disagreeable, nor that some hotels, especially at summer resorts, have found that their entertainment of such persons has led to a gradual abandonment of the hotels by many desirable guests; but that a whole race should be stigmatized for causes not peculiar to it is justly and unanimously condemned. We say that this condemnation is to that degree gratifying. But we must not flatter ourselves too much. While we are fluttering and bristling about Saratoga, a moment's attention may wisely be devoted to West Point. If we are all up in arms because Mr. SELIGMAN was refused lodgings at Judge HILTON'S hotel at Saratoga, why are we so passive over the fact—as reported in the newspapers—that the colored cadet FLIPPER, although duly admitted and instructed at our own military school at West Point, was virtually sent to Coventry during his course by his classmates because of his color?

It will be said that all we can do is to secure his equal chance in study; we can not regulate the social tastes and preferences of the students. That is unquestionably true. But it does not meet the point. We are abstractly indignant with Judge HILTON because he decided that Jews were not desirable associates for the other guests in his house, and we ought logically to be angry with the white cadets at West Point for deciding that colored youth were not desirable associates for their classmates. The trouble is the race prejudice, not Judge HILTON'S or any other expression of it. If the guests who were not Jews at the Grand Union sent the guests who were Jews to Coventry, or, *vice versa*, if the Jews for the same reason avoided those who were not Jews, the offense would be precisely the same as it is with Judge HILTON. Indeed, Judge HILTON would have said nothing about it, and would have had no occasion to say any thing, except for the existence of the prejudice. Nobody denies that it exists; and the reproach of Judge HILTON is not that he has it—for individually, perhaps, he has it not—but it is that he was willing to recognize its existence in others so far as to exclude "the SELIGMAN Jew" from his hotel.

The Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga declines to entertain Jews because they are Jews, and the newspapers from Maine to California shout with wrath at the miserable race prejudice. Yet we have known an educated and accomplished gentleman, a diplomatic representative from his government to ours, compelled to eat alone at a separate table in a Newport hotel because he was a colored man; and although the fact was published in the papers, there was entire resignation to the race prejudice. The indignation with the action of the Grand Union Hotel is unquestionably righteous; but we wish to point out that our sainthood is not quite perfect. The denunciation of race prejudice against Jews is just, and can not be too strongly expressed. But we propose a problem for the taxed intellects of hotel piazzas: If it is wrong to insult one man because of his race, how right is it to insult another man because of his color?

FRENCH POLITICS.

FRANCE, the unhappy country in which, as ardent Frenchmen are fond of saying, the revolution is permanent, is once more drifting swiftly toward angry civil dissension. The action of Marshal M'MAHON in dismissing his ministers was not technically unconstitutional, but it was hostile to the essential spirit of parliamentary and popular government. The sole justification for the extraordinary act, if the result should prove it, is that the Assembly had ceased to represent the popular will, and that a peremptory dissolution and general election were the only means of securing such a representation. But that is a plea which any President could urge at any time, and which, in the presence of more than three hundred majority in the Assembly, is highly improbable. Still, it is not technically unconstitutional. The Marshal has the right to appeal to the country; but he invokes a tremendous peril by the method of the appeal. For when he summons a reactionary ministry, and by dissolution compels a new election, he has placed the whole machinery of election, which in France is all-pervasive and powerful, in reactionary hands. Therefore, assuming the country to be republican, the Marshal plays against it with loaded dice, and M. JULES FERRY warned the ministry that those who abused power during the elections would be rigorously dealt with by the new Assembly.

Until the elections are over, the country will be in constant turmoil. The republicans will have to contend with two most powerful organizations, that of the Church and that of the ministry, which are both reactionary The prestige of the executive power will also be against them, and besides that, the personal character of Marshal M'MAHON will be an element in the struggle. He is believed to be an honest and unambitious man, and the whole conservative sentiment of the country will naturally regard him as the type of honorable order. It is not clear that even if the country declares against him, the Marshal would resign, although his position would then be that of a man who had made an enormous and almost criminal mistake. It is, however, undoubtedly the general expectation that in the event of a defeat he would feel his position to be, as his countrymen would say, impossible, because of the total loss of moral prestige.

Should Marshal M'MAHON retire, M. THIERS, who was eighty years old in April, would succeed him. It is curious for one who recalls the France of '48 to read of the republican enthusiasm of to-day for THIERS. In 1848 THIERS was hated as the personification of reactionary conservatism. And probably no one in France supposes that his republicanism is a conviction, as with LOUIS BLANC and GAMBETTA. The republicanism of THIERS is simply the persuasion that a republic is the only form of government which has any chance in the France of to-day. He is not a man of political convictions in any other sense than that of expediency. He is for the system which, upon the whole, seems to him to be most practicable. He is, indeed, wholly different in temperament and faith from the party of which he is the chief representative. But should that party succeed at the polls, and Marshal M'MAHON resign, it would elect M. THIERS to the Presidency by acclamation. Our remarks, of course, are based upon the theory of constitutional and peaceful proceedings. But there is an alternative that must not be forgotten. If the Marshal is defeated, he will be strongly urged to a *coup d'état* to seize the government with the army; and if the republicans are defeated, they may ascribe it to the fraud of the ministerial machine, and refuse to submit. That situation is, in either case, civil war. There will, however, be one restraining consideration against the worst, and that is Germany. Civil war in France would be the gain of Germany. That consciousness may moderate party fury. But such a result implies too much reason to be probable.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE T. DAVIS, who died recently in Portland, Maine, at the age of sixty-seven, was, during most of his life, a leading citizen of the Connecticut River counties in Massachusetts. He was a lawyer, and had been in the State Legislature and in Congress, but he had little taste for political life. His great distinction was his social genius, equipped as it was with extraordinary accomplishment, sympathy, wit, and recondite learning. THACKERAY said that he was the most delightful companion he found in America; and all who knew him know that his loss can not be replaced. In his death, and in that of EDMUND QUINCY a few weeks before, Massachusetts has not only lost sons of two of her oldest and most noted families, but citizens of that grace and refinement of cultivation which have contributed to the peculiar distinction of the State. A singularly felicitous, delicate, and discriminating analysis of Mr. DAVIS'S character and qualities appeared in the Springfield *Republican* immediately after his death, written evidently by one who knew him thoroughly and loved him sincerely.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON should be appointed a sort of general referee in all future cases of "incompatibility." The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gives an interesting account of a venerable-looking man who called upon the City Attorney for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from his wife, with whom he had lived forty years, and reared a large family. There had been no criminality, only a lively dispute. Mr. TUTHILL, the attorney, talked kindly with the old gentleman; told him that most Illinois divorces were illegal, and concluded by asking if he had ever read WILL CARLETON'S poem, "Betsey and I are out." He had never heard of it. "Buy and read it," said the lawyer; "it contains a case parallel to your own." It was done. A few days afterward the City Attorney received the following letter by mail:

> "——, IOWA, *June* 10, 1877.
>
> "MY DEAR SIR,—I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your kindly advice in relation to my domestic affliction. I acted upon your suggestion, and it had the desired effect. We are reunited, never again, I trust, to part until the angel of death shall visit one of us. God bless WILL CARLETON for his little ballad, and God bless you for making it known to me! May you never know any thing but peace.
>
> "Yours gratefully, —— ——."

The public appreciation of Mr. WILL CARLETON is indicated by the fact that the Messrs. HARPER have sold over one hundred thousand copies of his poems.

—Colonel WICKHAM HOFFMAN, author of the popular work entitled *Camp, Court, and Siege*, recently published by the HARPERS, sailed on Saturday, June 30, in the *Batavia*, for Liverpool, whence he will proceed direct to St. Petersburg, to enter upon his duties as secretary of legation.

—They did something in Westminster Abbey a few days ago for good old CAXTON, the printer, and this little personal about it appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "A special service in commemoration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by WILLIAM CAXTON, was held on Saturday afternoon in Westminster Abbey. MENDELSSOHN'S 'Hymn of Praise' was performed by a numerous choir and band, and at the close of the solo and chorus, 'The night is departing, the day is approaching,' Dean STANLEY preached a brief sermon from the text, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light.' At the conclusion of the sermon a collection was made for the Caxton Memorial Fund of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation."

—The room in Lord HOUGHTON'S London house in which he gave a reception to General GRANT is the same that HOGARTH drew in his "Marriage à la Mode." The two rows of pillars still stand, and the room has not, indeed, been altered in the least since the old artist and his friend WALPOLE gossiped there together until the hour came for WALPOLE to write another of those famous letters. The house was his, and is on the site of the famous "Mulberry Gárden."

—Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, now eighty-nine, formerly for many years British ambassador at Constantinople, has written an article on Turkey in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

—The criticism that has been so ungraciously made upon Mr. EVARTS for having argued a case before the Court of Appeals, in which he had been retained long before his appointment as Secretary of State, for which he had received a retainer, and from which he could not in honor withdraw, has elicited the following fact as to the course pursued by Mr. WEBSTER when he filled the office now filled by Mr. EVARTS: Mr. WEBSTER, while Secretary of State, never had the slightest hesitation in giving opinions upon legal questions presented to him, and he never lost an opportunity, if he could avoid it, of arguing important cases in the courts of the United States. No expression will be found in his writings that he regarded such employment as inconsistent either with the dignity of the office of Secretary of State or with its traditions, and an instance is cited where, in 1852, he appeared at Trenton as leading counsel for Mr. GOODYEAR in his great India-rubber case, before the United States Circuit Court, Mr. CHOATE being the leading counsel on the opposite side. Mr. WEBSTER spent a good deal of time in his own office and at the State Department in the study of the case, assisted by JAMES T. BRADY and others who had devoted years to the preparation of the case. He received for his services $10,000, which was handed to him in checks before he rose to address the court. The interest in the case was so great that the court adjourned from the court-house to the larger county hall. The Legislature adjourned, and the hall was thronged with distinguished lawyers, politicians, and statesmen from New York and Philadelphia. In addition to this large fee, all his expenses were paid, and Mr. GRISWOLD, of New York, promised him that if he won the case he would send him a check for $1000. The check reached Mr. WEBSTER when on his death-bed, and he said, with a smile, "This is the cream of the whole." At Trenton he took a fancy to one of the horses which were gratuitously provided for his use. On his arrival at Washington the horse was sent to him, with a pleasant note, and was afterward sent to Marshfield. Another important case which he argued before the United States Supreme Court, while Secretary of State, was the GAINES case, which he also won, and for which he charged a fee of $25,000, though it was never paid.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT HAYES has issued the following circular to office-holders:

> "EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *June* 22, 1877.
>
> "SIR,—I desire to call your attention to the following paragraph in a letter addressed by me to the Secretary of the Treasury on the conduct to be observed by officers of the general government in relation to the elections: 'No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions, either orally or through the press, is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties. No assessment for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed.' This rule is applicable to every department of the civil service. It should be understood by every officer of the general government that he is expected to conform his conduct to its requirements.
>
> "Very respectfully, R. B. HAYES."

The Iowa Republican State Convention met at Des Moines on the 27th ult., Hon. James F. Wilson presiding. Hon. John H. Gear was nominated for Governor, and Hon. Frank J. Campbell for Lieutenant-Governor.

A special election for seventeen members of the South Carolina Legislature, to represent Charleston County, took place on the 26th ult. The Democratic ticket containing the names of fourteen whites and three blacks was elected. The Republicans did not run any ticket.

A violent storm passed over portions of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, on the 25th ult., destroying much property and killing several persons.

The eight-oared race between the Columbia and Harvard crews took place at Springfield, on the 26th, and resulted in a victory for the Harvards by thirteen and a half seconds.

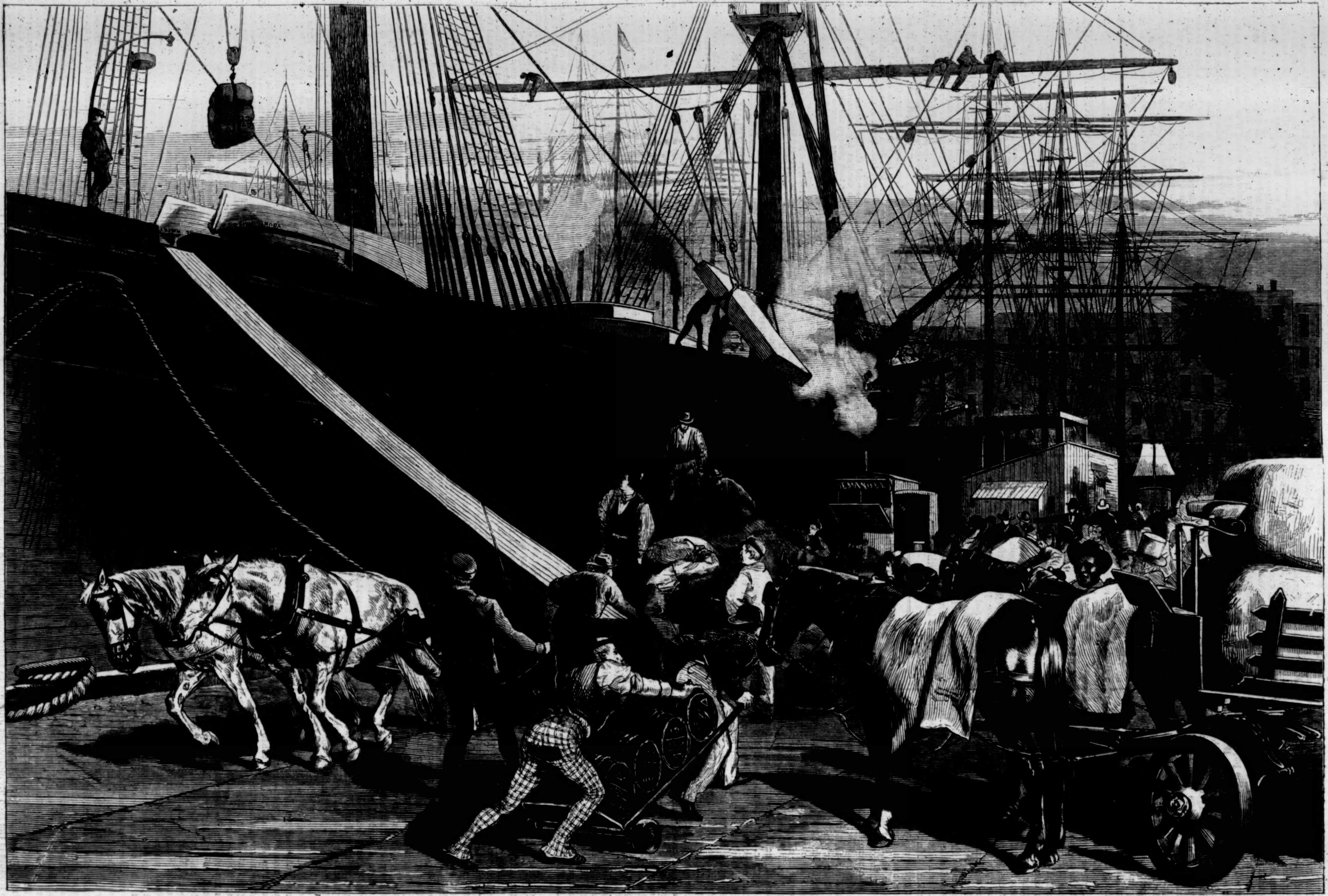
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The most notable event of the week was the crossing of the Danube by the Russians at Galatz. On landing, the Russians penetrated directly into the interior behind the hills, gaining possession of the heights commanding Matchin after an obstinate fight with a body of Bashi-Bazouks. The Turks finally withdrew, and Matchin was occupied by the enemy. On the 25th, a second crossing was made, at Hirsova, without opposition.—A Reuter's dispatch from Erzerum gives the following account of the recent engagements at the end of the line: "After the battle of Zeidekan, on June 16, the Turks, having fallen back on Delibaba, the Russian left wing took possession of the Delibaba Pass and fortified it. The Russian right wing having retired somewhat, Mukhtar Pasha telegraphed to Rachid Pasha to join him with nine of the twelve battalions forming the Turkish left wing. Mukhtar quitted his head-quarters at Zevin on the night of June 17 for Delibaba to take command of the Turkish right wing in person. On the following day he received re-enforcements which raised the strength of the right wing to nineteen battalions (15,200 men), four cavalry regiments, and three batteries. The Russians in the Delibaba Pass numbered 20,000, with five batteries. Several skirmishes were fought on June 20. On the 21st, Mukhtar attacked the pass. The fighting lasted from six o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening. The Russians were at first driven from their positions, but they afterward recaptured them, and attacked the Turkish positions on the heights with charges of infantry and cavalry. The Turkish front gave way for a short time, but afterward rallied, charged the Russians, and drove them back. The Turks then opened a terrible artillery fire, and compelled the Russians to fall back, with heavy loss. The Turks acknowledge a loss of 400 killed, and about the same number wounded. It is reckoned that the Russian losses were at least double. On the 22d, Mukhtar again fought a severe battle. The Russian cavalry were placed in an intrenchment to act as infantry, but ultimately the Turks drove them out, and pursued them, the Russians retreating in disorder as far as Zeidekan. The whole of the fighting lasted thirty-three hours. The Turkish loss, according to the latest accounts, was upward of 2000, and the Russians much heavier. The Turkish head-quarters are still at Zevin, where twenty-four battalions and two batteries occupy an excellent position, which is unassailable in front. On the 23d, another fight took place, when the Russians again fell back."—The Russian account of the fighting on the 23d states that some skirmishes occurred, and that the Turks were afterward allowed to collect their dead in the Russian positions. The Russians also claim to have defeated the Turks at Samebat, on the 24th, after a fight of eight and a half hours.—An official telegram from General Tergukassoff reports that, on June 21, his column was attacked near Dijar by twenty battalions of Turks, with twelve guns and 4500 horse. After ten hours' fighting the Turks were repulsed, but the Russian loss was heavy, namely, 15 officers and 51 soldiers killed, and 363 soldiers wounded.—The Turks have practically abandoned the Dobrudscha, over which the Russians are extending their lines.—At last accounts the Russians were bombarding Rustchuk, and the Turks Giurgevo. The English consulate at Rustchuk was singled out as a mark, and completely destroyed.—The Turks assailing Montenegro have effected a junction and occupied Cetigne. Subsequently they advanced to the river Moratscha and burned 1540 houses, but spared the churches and monasteries. The losses on both sides were heavy.

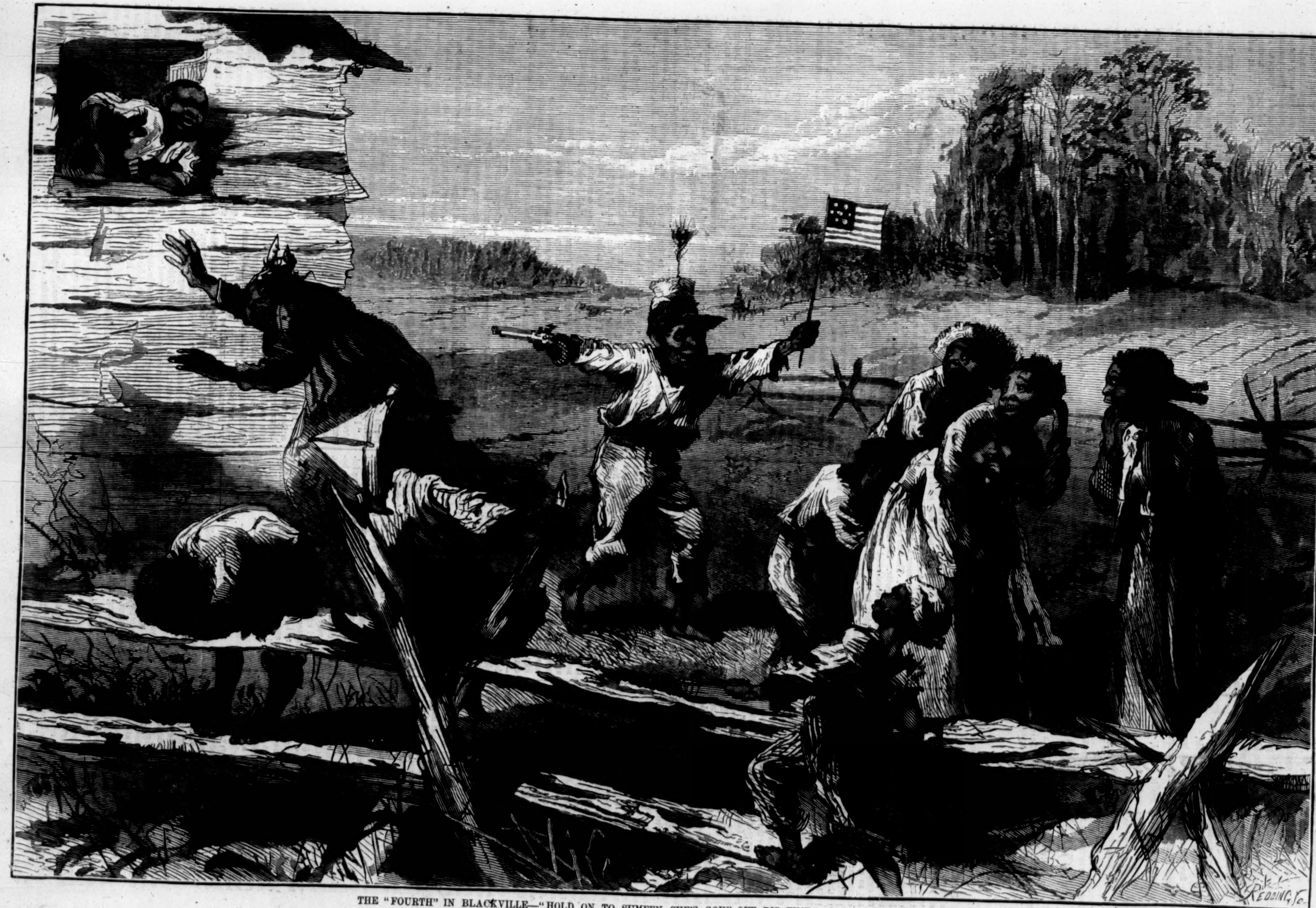
The rumor of peace between the King of Abyssinia and the Khedive of Egypt is contradicted by the latest dispatch from Massowah. The former demands the Abyssinian territory occupied by the Egyptians.

The city of Acapulco was surrendered by Alvarez, on the 16th ult., after a bombardment of nearly ten days by the Diaz gun-boats.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 25th ult., M. Grévy, the President, read the decree formally dissolving the Chamber, and intimating that elections would be held within three months. President M'Mahon has pardoned 844 more Communists. The Republican Senators have issued a declaration, saying: "We believe the re-election of the 363 Deputies who voted the order of the day censuring the cabinet is a duty incumbent on the country as a solemn affirmation of its intention to maintain republican institutions, which alone are capable of insuring order at home and peace abroad."



SCENE ON A NEW YORK DOCK—STEVEDORES UNLOADING A SHIP.—[DRAWN BY I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.]



THE "FOURTH" IN BLACKVILLE.—"HOLD ON TO SUMFEN, SHE'S GOIN' OFF DIS TIME."—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

HAUNTED.

When the sad night was still as death,
A form beside her pillow stood;
In place of drowsy eider then
A wooden billet had been good.

Darkening the rich and pictured place
The chill and shadowy outline gleamed;
Till in the embers' wavering bloom
Bare hovel walls had better seemed.

Then dagger-points the flicker lit
In those great jewels tossed aside,
The flowers exhaled a poisonous breath—
Those orange blossoms of a bride.

And the old robe of fire it looked,
The softly lustred wedding dress
That glimmered in the gentle gloom,
The ghost of a dead happiness!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIR KENRICK'S ANCESTRAL HOUSE.

Sir Kenrick Culverhouse had gone to Hampshire to look at the old domain. He had plenty of friends in the neighborhood of Culverhouse, who would have been glad to give him hospitality, but he preferred the less luxurious accommodation of his own house, which was maintained by a couple of faithful old servants, very much in the style of the Master of Ravenswood's immortal *ménage* at Wolf's Craig. The old butler was not so amusing or so enthusiastic as Caleb Balderstone; but he was every whit as faithful, and preferred his board-wages and bacon dumplings in the halls of the good old race to those flesh-pots of Egypt which he might perchance have found in the service of some mushroom gentleman or commercial magnate in the neighborhood.

People had told Kenrick that he ought to let Culverhouse Castle, and that he might add considerably to his income by so doing. But Kenrick repudiated the idea of an income so obtained. To allow purse-proud city people to come and criticise those old familiar rooms, and make rude remarks upon the shabbiness of the furniture; to have some newly made country squire, whose beginnings were on the Stock Exchange, airing his unaccustomed grandeur in the rooms where meek Lady Culverhouse had lived her tranquil, unoffending life—no, Kenrick would have starved rather than sanction such a desecration. His mother's gentle shadow still occupied the rooms she had loved. He would not have that peaceful ghost scared away by horsey young ladies or billiard-playing young men.

At a cost of about a hundred and fifty pounds a year—nearly half his small income—Kenrick contrived to have the place kept decently; the gardens free from weeds and ruin; the roses, which had been his mother's chief delight, cared for; the empty stables protected from wind and rain; the house preserved from actual decay. And the place was ready to receive him when he was able to come home, were it but for a single night. This, in Kenrick's mind, was much.

Love of his birth-place and pride of his race were the strongest points in Kenrick's character; and Culverhouse was assuredly a home which a man, with any sense of the beautiful, might be pardoned for loving to enthusiasm. It had been an abbey before the days of the reformation, and much that belonged to those days still remained. Some portions had been converted to secular uses, other parts had been preserved in what might be called a state of substantial ruin. And this mixture of ecclesiastical ruins and Tudor dwelling-house made a most picturesque and romantic whole. The massive outer wall of the cloistered quadrangle still remained; but where the cloisters had been was now the rose garden—a fair expanse of velvet turf, intersected with alleys of roses. The chapel door stood in all its early English purity of line and moulding; but the chapel had given place to a sunny inclosure, bounded by hedges of honeysuckle and sweet-brier—a garden in which old-fashioned flowers grew luxuriantly in prim box-edged beds.

The house was one of the handsomest in the county. Much too good for a decayed race, old Sir Kenrick had always said; but young Sir Kenrick held it as in no wise too good for him. He would not have sold it for half a million, had he been free to sell it. The situation was perfect. It stood in a fertile green valley, on the bank of a river which, insignificant elsewhere, widened here to a noble reach of water, and curved itself lovingly round the velvet slopes of the lawn. A long wooden bridge spanned the river just beyond the old Gothic gateway of the castle, and communicated with the village of Culverhouse, in which a population of a hundred and eighty souls fancied itself a world. Kenrick loved the place—castle, village, river, low-lying water meadows, ancient avenues, fair green field where the foundation of the abbey had been marked out with rows of stones, a stone for each pillar in nave and aisles, chancel and apse—he loved all these things with a love that was almost a passion. His heart thrilled within him when he came back to the familiar scene after a year or more of exile. His nature, not too warm elsewhere, warmed to the old goodies and gaffers of Culverhouse village with an unalterable tenderness. Poor as he was, he had always stray sixpences and shillings in his waistcoat pocket to give these ancient rustics for beer, or tea, or snuff. He could listen to their stories of rheumatics and other afflictions with infinite patience. Their very dialect was dear to him.

If Kenrick had lived in the Middle Ages, and been exposed to visible contact with the powers of darkness, Mephistopheles would have assuredly bated his hook with the Culverhouse estate.

"Here are the money bags," he would have said; "sign me this bond, and Culverhouse is yours, free of the mortgages that now degrade and humiliate your race. For twenty years you may reign securely in the halls of your ancestors, and then—"

Perhaps Kenrick might have had the force of mind to refuse so frankly diabolical a bargain; but when Mephistopheles assumed the amiable countenance of Selina Dulcimer, and whispered in his ear, "Marry Beatrix Harefield, and let her fortune revive the glory of your race," the young man was sorely tempted.

He had promised his cousin Cyril that he would not attempt to become his rival, but he did not know how far Cyril's love affair had gone. He had no idea that Beatrix had already made her choice irrevocably, and was ready to sacrifice fortune and father's favor for her lover.

Kenrick was not in love with Beatrix Harefield, in spite of all those hints and innuendoes wherewith Mrs. Dulcimer had artfully striven to kindle the fire of passion in his heart. He was not in love with her, but he admired her beyond any woman he had ever met, and he could but remember that her fortune would give him the desire of his heart. He was above the meanness of marrying for money. He would not have sold himself to a woman he disliked or despised any more than he would have sold himself to Satan. He would have accounted one bargain as base as the other. But he would have been very glad to marry a woman with money, provided he could think her the first of women, and worthy to rule in the halls of his race. That he should love her was a secondary necessity. Sir Kenrick was not a young man who considered loving and being beloved essential to the happiness of life. Nature had made him of colder stuff than his cousin Cyril. He could do very well without love, but existence could hardly be tolerable to him without Culverhouse Castle.

He thought of Beatrix Harefield as he paced the long tapestried saloon on the evening of his arrival. He had ordered a fire to be lighted here, though old Mrs. Mopson, the major-domo's wife, had strongly recommended him to sit in the library or his mother's morning-room.

"You'll be a deal snuggerer than in that there big room, Sir Kenrick," she urged. "I don't say it's damp, for I opens the windows every fine morning; but it's awful chill, and it 'd take a'most a stack of logs to warm it."

"Never mind the chilliness, Betty," said Kenrick. "I want to sit in the saloon. It's a treat to see the dear old room again after three years' absence."

"Ah," said Betty, "there ain't another room in Hampshire ekal to it," firmly convinced that Hampshire was the world, or, at any rate, all the world that was civilized and worth living in. Once when somebody asked Betty Mopson if she had ever been so far as London, she replied, "No, thank God, I'm no foreigner."

So Betty lighted a pile of logs on the open hearth, and put a pair of candles on the table near the fire, and wheeled a capacious tapestried arm-chair beside it, and placed Sir Kenrick's slippers comfortably in front of the fender, so that, in spite of its long disuse, the room had a home-like aspect when he came to it after his homely dinner. By this dim light the room looked lovely—all its shabbiness hidden, all its beauties of form and color intensified, the figures in the fine old tapestry standing out in life-like roundness. Theseus and Ariadne; Ariadne deserted; the coming of Bacchus; hymeneal festival; nymphs and satyrs frisking against a background of blue sea.

Kenrick thought of Beatrix Harefield as he walked slowly up and down; how well her stately beauty would become the room, how well the room would become her. She was just the wife for the master of such a place as Culverhouse. It seemed a hard thing that honor forbade his putting himself forward as her suitor.

"How do I know that she cares for Cyril?" he asked himself; "and if she does not, why should not I have my chance? Cyril is such a close fellow. I don't know how far things have gone between them. She may not care a straw for him. And I may go back to India and leave her to be snapped up by some other fellow. I must have the matter placed on a plainer footing when I go back to Little Yafford. If Cyril does not mean to go in and win the prize, I must have my innings. It will be only fair."

CHAPTER XIV.

BELLA OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION.

Never in her life had Isabella Scratchell been so happy as she was in those winter days which Beatrix spent in her solitary home, or in long lonely rides or drives across the moors. Isabella, whose time had seldom been given to idleness, now worked day and night. She could not altogether withdraw her help from the overtaxed house mother, so she sat up for an hour or two nightly when the rest of the family had gone to bed, mending and making for the insatiable brood.

"Never mind, ma," she would say when Mrs. Scratchell was on the verge of distraction about a skirt or a "waist," a pair of impracticable socks, or trousers that were gone at the knee—"leave your basket, and I'll make it right when you're gone to bed."

"But, Bella, my dear," sighed the mother, "it's so bad for your health to sit up ever so long after twelve. Working so hard as you do all the day, too. I wish you had never taken that district visiting into your head."

"District fiddle-sticks!" growled Mr. Scratchell from behind his newspaper. He was inconveniently quick of hearing, like the generality of fathers. "District stuff and nonsense! Visiting the poor means running after curates."

"It's a great shame to say such a thing, pa," cried Bella, crimsoning. "I'm sure I try hard enough to be useful at home—and I give mother the best part of my salary toward the house-keeping. I ought to be free to do a little good abroad if it makes me happy."

"A little fiddle-faddle," retorted the father, not taking the trouble to lower his newspaper. "A deal of good you can do, going simpering and smirking into cottages, as much as to say, 'Ain't I pretty? How do you like my bonnet?' And then I suppose you inquire after the state of their souls, and ask why they don't teach their children to blow their noses, and quote Scripture, and talk as if you'd got a freehold estate in heaven. I hate such humbug. Stay at home and help your mother. That's what *I* call Christianity."

Like most men who never go to church or read their Bibles, Mr. Scratchell had his own idea of Christianity, and was quite as ready to assert and defend it as the most learned Churchman. He laid down the law as arrogantly upon this Christian code of his as if he had received a revelation all to himself, and was in a position to put the Established Church right, if he had chosen to do it.

Bella Scratchell went on devoting three afternoons a week to parish visiting, in spite of paternal opposition. In fact, that paternal opposition gave a new zest to her work, and she felt herself, in her small way, a martyr.

She told Cyril about her father's unkindness one afternoon as he was walking home with her after an accidental meeting in one of the cottages.

"Papa is so cruel," she said; "he declares that I can do no good—that I am too insignificant and silly to be of the least use."

"You are neither insignificant nor silly," answered Cyril, warmly. "And the people like you. That is the grand point. They will generally take advice from a person they like. And they like bright young faces and pleasant friendly manners. You have done good already. I have seen it in more than one case."

"I am so glad!" cried Bella, in a voice that actually trembled with delight. "Are you really pleased with me?"

"I am very much pleased."

"Then I will go on. Papa may be as unkind as he likes. I am amply rewarded."

"My praise is a very small reward," replied Cyril, smiling. "The satisfaction of your own conscience is the real good. You know that your life now is all usefulness."

Bella lived in a fool's paradise from this time forward. Mrs. Dulcimer was always telling her how Cyril had praised her. She met him continually in the cottages or at the Vicarage. Her life was full of delight. She only went to the Water House once or twice a week, though she had hitherto gone almost every day. She told Beatrix about her district visiting.

"Of course I like being here with you much better than going among those poor things," she said, affectionately. "But I felt it a duty to do something, my life seemed so useless."

"What is mine, then?" sighed Beatrix.

"Oh dear, with you it is different. With your means you can always be doing good indirectly. See how much you have done for me. I owe you and Mr. Harefield my education, my good clothes, my power to help poor mamma. But I have only my time to give, and I am very happy to devote some of that to the poor, under Mr. Culverhouse's guidance."

"He is kind to you?" interrogated Beatrix. "You like him?"

"He is more than kind to me. He is my master, my teacher, my guide. I can not use such a poor word as liking to describe my feelings for him. I reverence—I almost worship him."

"He is worthy of your esteem," said Beatrix, wondering a little at this gush of feeling from Bella.

Mrs. Dulcimer felt that things were working round delightfully toward the realization of her matrimonial scheme.

"I look upon it as quite a settled matter, Rebecca," she said, one morning, when the all-important factotum was polishing the old sideboard, familiarly known as Uncle John.

"Having the chimneys swept again before Christmas? yes, mum," replied Rebecca, driving her leather vigorously backward and forward across the shining wood. "They'll want it. We begun fires extra early this year, and master do pile up the wood and coals—as if he wanted to keep himself in mind of Bloody Mary's martyrs at Smiffell, and show his thankfulness that God made him a Protestant."

"I wasn't talking of the chimneys, Rebecca. I was thinking of Mr. Culverhouse and Miss Scratchell. He's getting fonder of her every day."

"He ought to be," retorted the maid, snappishly. "She runs after him hard enough. But if I was you, mum, I'd leave him to find out his own feelings. Forced affections are like forced rhubarb—sour and watery. Uncle John's in the sulks this morning. I can't get him to shine nohow. It's the damp weather, I suppose. It always makes him dull."

"Well, Rebecca," said Mrs. Dulcimer, complacently. "If this marriage takes place soon, as I believe it will, I shall feel that I've been the salvation of Bella Scratchell. If you could see her wretched home—"

"I've seen the maid-of-all-work," replied Rebecca, curtly; "that's enough for me. I've no call to see inside the house."

Hopefully as things were progressing in Mrs. Dulcimer's estimation, the active beneficence of that amiable woman urged her to take some step which should place matters on a more decided footing. It was more than a month since she had taken Cyril and Bella under her protection, and she felt that it was time the gentleman should declare himself. He had received every encouragement to speak—he had evidently been touched by Bella's efforts for the good of her species. He admired Bella's taste and industry, her neatness of attire and amiable manners. What more could he want?

"It's positively ridiculous of him to hang back in this way," thought Mrs. Dulcimer, impatient for action. "But I have no doubt his silence is the result of shyness. Those reserved men are always shy. One gives them credit for pride, and they are suffering agonies of self-distrust all the time."

It is generally some combination of trifles which determines the great events of life. Mrs. Dulcimer was hurried into a line of conduct more impetuous than sagacious by such a combination.

First, it was a wet afternoon, which fact prevented the Vicar's wife going on a round of ceremonious calls in her best bonnet. She might have trusted her own body out in the wet, leaving the accident of a cold in the head to be dealt with by Rebecca, who was a wonderful hand at domestic medicine, and made gruel that was almost a luxury; but she could not risk the destruction of her new velvet bonnet and bird-of-paradise. Secondly, Mr. Dulcimer had gone to Great Yafford for a day's leisurely prowl among the second-hand book-shops, a recreation his soul loved. His absence made the Vicarage seem empty, and the day longer than usual. Mrs. Dulcimer ate her early dinner alone, and felt miserable.

After dinner she sent the boy to ask Bella Scratchell to come and spend the afternoon and to bring her work. The fire was lighted in the library, so that the room might be warm and cheerful on the Vicar's return; but Mrs. Dulcimer preferred her snug corner by the dinning-room hearth, where she had a comfortable Rockingham chair and a delightful little Chippendale table. She opened her charity basket, took out her pile of baby clothes, and felt that with Bella to talk to she could spend an agreeable afternoon, despite the incessant rain, which came down with a dismal drip, drip, on the sodden lawn, where the blackbirds were luxuriating in the unusual accessibility of the worm family.

Bella's rapid fingers were wont to be helpful, too, with the charity basket. She would lay aside her dainty strip of embroidery, and devote herself to herring-boning flannel or stitching in gussets with the most amiable alacrity.

"You dear girl, to come through this abominable rain, and enliven me," exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, when Bella came in, looking very bright and pretty after her rainy walk.

"I think I would come through fire as well as water to see you, dear Mrs. Dulcimer," replied Bella, affectionately. "I was going to sit with poor Mary Smithers this afternoon—she is in a decline, you know, and so patient. Mr. Culverhouse is deeply interested in her. But, of course, I would rather come here—"

"You dear unselfish girl! And does Mr. Culverhouse seem pleased with what you are doing for his people?"

"Very much. His face quite lights up when he comes into a cottage and finds me there."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dulcimer, significantly. "We all know what that means."

Bella sighed, and looked at the fire. Her fool's paradise was a sweet place to dwell in, but there were times when the suspicion that it was only a fool's paradise, after all, crept like an ugly snake into the Eden of her mind.

"Dear Mrs. Dulcimer," she began, thoughtfully, after an interval of silence in which the Vicar's wife had been trying to accomplish some manœuvre, almost as difficult as squaring the circle, with a brown paper pattern and an awkward bit of flannel. "You are too good to be so much interested in my welfare; but do you know sometimes I fancy you are altogether mistaken—as to—as to Mr. Culverhouse's feelings? He is all that is kind to me—he approves of my poor efforts to be useful—he praises me—he seems always glad to see me—yet he has never said a word that would imply—"

"That will come all at once, all in a moment," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, decisively. "It did with Clement. I hadn't the least idea that he was in love with me. My father was a bookworm, you know, like Mr. Dulcimer, and Clement used to come to our house a great deal, and they were always talking of first editions and second editions—and black-letter books, and incunabula—and a lot more stuff that I hardly knew the meaning of. And one day Clement suddenly asked me to marry him. I never felt so surprised in my life. I felt sure that my father must have suggested it to him, but the idea did not offend me. These things ought to be suggested. There are men who would go down to their graves miserable old bachelors for want of some one to give them a judicious hint."

"And you really think Mr. Culverhouse likes me?" faltered Bella.

It was growing every day—nay, every hour—more and more a question of life or death with her. The old home seemed daily more hateful—the ideal existence to be shared with Cyril more paradisaic. Suspense gnawed her heart like a serpent's tooth. She knew and felt that it was unwomanly to discuss such a question even with friendly Mrs. Dulcimer, but she could not help seeking the comfort to be obtained from such a discussion.

"My love, I am sure of it," said the Vicar's wife, with conviction. "I have seen it in a thousand ways."

Bella could not ask her to name one of the thousand, though she would have been very glad to get more detailed information.

Again Bella's eyes sought the fire, and again she gave a little depressed sigh. Her father had been especially disagreeable lately—there had been difficulties about bills and taxes: life at home was a perpetual warfare at such times. Mrs. Piper had been ailing for the last fortnight; her temper had been ailing too. The Piper children were dense and insolent. Existence was altogether a trial. Bella thought of Beatrix Harefield's smooth life in the beautiful old Water House, with its lights and shadows, its old-world comfort, its retinue of well-trained servants. A dull life, no doubt, but a paradise of rest. As a child Bella had been envious of her playfellow, but since both girls had grown to womanhood, envy had assumed a darker hue, black as the juice of the cuttle-fish, which darkens all it touches.

"Let me herring-bone those flannels for you, dear Mrs. Dulcimer," Bella said at last, rousing herself from her reverie; and presently the needle was flying swiftly backward and forward as Miss Scratchell's fair head bent over her work.

She tried to be lively, feeling it incumbent on her to amuse her kind patroness; and the two women prattled on about servants and gowns and bonnets and the usual feminine subjects till four o'clock, when it was too dark for any more work, and they could only talk on by the red glow of the fire till it pleased the omnipotent Rebecca to bring lamps and candles.

The Vicarage dining-room was charming by this light. The blocks of books; the shelves of old china; Uncle John's portly sideboard standing out with a look of human corpulence in the ruddy glow, and shining with a polish that did credit to Rebecca; Aunt Tabitha's mahogany bureau glittering with brassy ornamentation; the sombre crimson of the well-worn curtains giving depth of tone to the picture. Yes, it was a good old room in this changeful and uncertain light, and to Bella, after the discords and disorders of home, it seemed an exquisite haven of repose. There had been old-fashioned folding-doors between the dining-room and library, but these Mr. Dulcimer had removed, replacing them with thick cloth curtains, which made it easier for him to pass from room to room.

The clock had struck four, and Mrs. Dulcimer was beginning to feel sleepy, when a ring at the house door put her on the alert.

"I wonder who it is," she said, in an under-tone, as if the visitor might hear her outside the hall door. "It isn't Clement, for he has his key. And it couldn't be any ordinary caller on such an afternoon. I dare say it's Mr. Culverhouse, come on parish business."

Bella had made the same speculation, and her heart was beating painfully fast.

"If it is, I'll draw him out," whispered the Vicar's wife.

"Oh, pray, pray, dear Mrs. Dulcimer, don't dream of such a thing—"

"Sh, my dear," whispered Mrs. Dulcimer, "don't you be frightened. I am not going to compromise you. I hope I have more tact than to do such a thing as that. But I shall draw him out. I won't have him trifle with you any longer. He shall be made to speak his mind."

"Dear Mrs. Dulcimer, I beg—"

"Mr. Culverhouse, mum," announced Rebecca. "He wanted to see master, but he says you'll do. I've shown him into the libery."

Mrs. Dulcimer rose without a word, squeezed Bella's hand, put her finger on her lip mysteriously, and passed through into the next room, dropping the curtains behind her, and leaving Bella alone in the dining-room. She grew pale and trembled a little as she crept toward the curtains.

"I think she must mean me to listen," she said to herself, and she took her stand just by the central line where the two curtains met.

Mr. Culverhouse had come to beg help for some of his poor people. Widow Watson's little boy had fallen into the fire while his mother was out getting her little bit of washing passed through a neighbor's mangle, and there was old linen wanted to dress his wounds, and a little wine, as he was very weak from the shock. Good-natured Mrs. Dulcimer ran off to hunt for the linen, and to get the wine from Rebecca, and Cyril was left alone in the library.

Bella stole back to her chair by the fire. He might come in, perhaps, and find her there. He was quite at home in the house. She felt that she would look innocent enough, sitting there by the little work-table. She might even simulate a gentle slumber. She was wise enough to know that girlhood is never prettier than in sleep.

Cyril did not come into the dining-room. She heard him walking slowly up and down the library, deep in thought, no doubt.

"If Mrs. Dulcimer is right, he must be thinking of me," said Bella. "I think of him all day long. He shuts every thing else out of my thoughts."

Presently Mrs. Dulcimer came back.

"I have sent off a parcel of linen and some sherry," she said.

"A thousand thanks for your prompt kindness. It is really a sad case—the poor mother is almost heart-broken."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Dulcimer. "I can not think how they do manage to set themselves on fire so often. It's quite an epidemic."

"Their rooms are so small," suggested Cyril.

"True. That may have something to do with it. How tired you must be this wet day! You'll stop to tea, of course. Clement has been book-hunting at Great Yafford, and will be home soon. I have got a brace of pheasants for him. He'll want something savory after such a wretched day. How is Mary Smithers?"

Mary Smithers was the girl Bella had talked of visiting.

"No better, poor soul," said Cyril. "There is only one change for her now."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Dulcimer, "and that is a blessed one for a girl in her position."

Her tone implied that heaven was a desirable refuge for the destitute, a supernal almshouse, with easier terms of election than those common to earthly asylums.

"Have you seen much of poor Mary since she has been ill?" asked Mrs. Dulcimer, artfully leading up to her subject.

"I see her as often as I can, but not so often as I wish. But she has been well looked after."

"Indeed!"

"Your little favorite, Miss Scratchell, has been quite devoted to her, and fortunately poor Mary has taken a strong fancy to Miss Scratchell."

How fast Bella's heart was beating now, and how close her ear was to the narrow line between the curtains!

"Your little favorite." The careless kindness of his tone had a chilling sound in Bella's ear.

"I am delighted to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Dulcimer. "Bella is indeed a dear girl—clever, accomplished, useful; a treasure at home; beloved wherever she goes. What a wife she will make!"

"A capital one," said the curate. "I should be very pleased to marry her—"

Bella's heart gave a leap.

"—To some thoroughly good fellow who could give her a happy home."

Bella's heart sank as heavily as a lump of lead.

"And no doubt she will marry well," pursued the curate, in the same cheerful tone. "She is a very attractive girl, as well as a good girl."

Mrs. Dulcimer began to feel uncomfortable. Could she have been mistaken, after all? Could she have misled poor Bella? It was not the first time in her life that her judgment had gone astray—but this time she had felt particularly sure of her facts, and she had been more than usually anxious for the success of her scheme. Bella's home was so uncomfortable. It was absolutely incumbent on Mrs. Dulcimer, as an active Christian, to get the poor girl married. Match-making here was not an amusement, but a stringent duty.

There was a pause, and for some moments Mrs. Dulcimer thought of abandoning her idea of drawing Cyril out. The attempt might be premature. And there was poor Bella listening intently no doubt, and having her young hopes blighted by the indifference of the curate's tone. Curiosity got the better of discretion, however, and Mrs. Dulcimer pursued her theme.

"She is a sweet pretty girl," she said; "I really think she grows prettier every day. I wonder you can talk so cheerfully of marrying her to somebody else. What a charming wife she would make you!"

"I dare say she would, if I wanted just that kind of wife, and if she wanted such a person as me for a husband. But I dare say I am as far from her ideal of a husband as she is from my ideal of a wife."

Bella's knees gave way under her at this point, and she sank into a languid heap upon the floor by the curtains. She did not faint, but she felt as if there were no more power or life in her limbs; as if she had sunk upon that spot never to rise any more; as if the best thing that could happen to her would be to lie there and feel life ebbing gently away, light slowly fading to eternal darkness.

"You astonish me," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, more indignant at the downfall of this last cherished scheme than she had ever felt at any previous failure. "What more could you want in a wife? Beauty—cleverness—industry—good management."

"Dante found only one Beatrice," said Cyril, gravely; "yet I have no doubt there were plenty of women in Florence who could sew on shirt buttons and make soup. I have found my Beatrice. I may never marry her, perhaps. But I am fixed for life. I shall never marry any one else."

A new life returned to Bella's limbs now. It was as if the blood that had just now flowed so sluggishly through her veins was suddenly changed to quicksilver. She rose to her feet again, and stood, white as a corpse, with her hands tightly clinched, her lips drawn together till they made only a thin line of pallid violet. The pretty Dresden china face was hardly recognizable.

A sudden conviction had darted into her mind with Cyril's utterance of that one word Beatrice. It was as if a flash of lightning had revealed things close at hand but wrapped in darkness till this moment.

"I never was more surprised in my life—or disappointed," faltered Mrs. Dulcimer, quite overcome by this failure. "I am so fond of you, Cyril, and so fond of Bella, and I thought you would make such a nice couple—that it would be a delightful arrangement in every way."

"My dear friend, there is a higher Power who rules these things. I am a believer in the old saying that marriages are made in heaven, and I have not much faith in the wisdom of earthly match-making."

"But this was in every way so suitable," harped Mrs. Dulcimer. "Bella is such a good girl—a model wife for a man who has to make his way in the world."

"Heaven defend me from a model wife chosen for me by my friends!" ejaculated Cyril.

"And you have paid her so much attention—you have been so warmly interested in her parish work."

"Not more than I should be in any good work done by any good woman. I trust," pursued Cyril, with a sudden look of alarm, "that I have done nothing to mislead Miss Scratchell on this subject. I should hate myself if I thought it were possible. I can confidently say that I have never uttered a word that could be misunderstood by the most romantic young lady. Our conversation has always been perfectly matter-of-fact—about other people—never about ourselves. I would as soon take to writing sonnets as indulge in the sentimental twaddle some curates cultivate."

"Pray don't alarm yourself," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, remembering her promise to Bella. "Miss Scratchell hasn't an idea upon the subject. I know that she admires, reveres, esteems you," she added, thinking it just possible to turn the tide of his feelings by the warm south wind of flattery; "but beyond that—no—Bella has too much modesty. I am sure she has not a thought about being married. It is only I who am anxious to see her comfortably settled. Of course I can not blame you for my having been deceived about your feelings. But I really do think, Cyril, that when a young man is engaged he ought to let his intimate friends know all about it. It would prevent misunderstandings."

"There are reasons why I should not talk about my engagement. It has not been ratified by the consent of the lady's family. It may be long before I can marry."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Dulcimer, "some artful girl he met at Oxford, I dare say. A University town is a regular man-trap."

She was seriously concerned about Bella. The poor girl would fret, perhaps—would lay her sorrow at Mrs. Dulcimer's door, and for once in her life the Vicar's wife felt herself to blame. In the active exercise of her charity she had done more harm than if she had loved her neighbor a little less intensely, and left other people's business alone.

"Poor Bella," she thought, and she felt almost afraid to face her victim; yet she was bound to go and console her. So after a little desultory talk with Cyril about nothing particular, she excused herself on the pretext of looking after the tea, and left the curate to amuse himself with the books and periodicals heaped on Mr. Dulcimer's table, the sober drab *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh* in yellow and blue, the philosophical *Westminster*, like a snake in the grass.

The dining-room was empty when Mrs. Dulcimer returned to it. Bella had carried her crushed heart out of the house into the gray rainy night, which seemed in harmony with her desolation. She had crept quietly from the room directly the conversation between Cyril and Mrs. Dulcimer had changed to general topics, and had gone up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl.

On Mrs. Dulcimer's dressing-table she left a brief penciled note.

"I could not stay after what has happened, dear friend. We have both been foolish. Pray think no more about it."

Mrs. Dulcimer found this little note presently, when she went up stairs to arrange her cap and re-adjust the frillings and puffings about her neck and shoulders.

The little note gave her unspeakable relief.

"Noble girl," she exclaimed, "how heroically she takes it! Yet I am sure she is fond of him. And how good of her not to feel angry with me for having misled her."

Mrs. Dulcimer would not have been quite so satisfied with the result of her manœuvring could she have seen the figure lying prone upon the floor of Bella Scratchell's barely furnished bedroom—the disheveled hair—the clinched hands—the convulsed movements of the thin bloodless lips. And perhaps she might have been forever cured of her passion for match-making could she have heard the curses which those pallid lips called down upon her matronly head.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An interesting account of the expedition for the exploration of the Fly River, by Professor D'Albertis, has been published at Sydney. About $2500 were contributed to this enterprise, which lasted from the 20th of April, 1876, to the 21st of November. The geographical results have already been mentioned in the pages of the *Weekly*. The natural history collections consisted of a considerable variety of plants, some rare and new birds, etc.

The announcement of the death of Dr. P. P. Carpenter, at Montreal, on the 24th of May, will cause general regret among his acquaintances and associates in scientific research, especially in the department of conchology, in which he was one of the acknowledged masters.

Dr. Carpenter was a native of England, where he prosecuted for many years his studies in shells, and devoted himself particularly to the species of the Pacific Ocean. His first works of importance were a list of the shells of the west coast of North America, in the Proceedings of the British Association, and a catalogue of the shells of Mazatlan, printed as one of the series of British Museum catalogues, giving an account of a very large collection of shells obtained off the western coast of Mexico, or placed in his hands for investigation. The mass of this collection was enormous, and after selecting the first series for the British Museum, there still remained material for a very extensive series. Of these he presented the best to the State Society of Natural History at Albany, on condition of his being employed to bring it over, arrange, and place it on exhibition; and in 1859 he came to the United States for that purpose.

During the same year he was engaged by the Smithsonian Institution to put in order the collection of shells brought home by the Wilkes exploring expedition, and to make up the duplicates into sets for distribution to colleges and academies throughout the United States. This was performed in a satisfactory manner, and many hundreds of thousands of shells were distributed to several hundred establishments. In the same year he gave a course of lectures before the Smithsonian Institution, published in the Smithsonian Report for 1861, and which have served an excellent purpose as a manual on the mollusca.

He shortly after returned to England, remaining there for a time, when he again visited the New World, and established himself at Montreal as a teacher, but continued his labors as a conchologist, having been engaged by the Boston Society of Natural History and other American institutions to arrange and label their shells.

In addition to his work on the shells of Mazatlan, he published numerous papers based largely on the collections of the National Museum at Washington, and at the time of his death had nearly ready for the press a monograph of the shells of the Chiton group, to be published by the Smithsonian Institution.

The rapid diminution of lobsters on the coast of England has led to the establishment of a commission for the purpose of determining what regulations, if any, can be adopted for their preservation; and as the result of an inquiry into the subject, its members have concluded to recommend the prohibition of the capture or sale of lobsters under eight inches in length from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, or four inches from the tip of the beak to the end of the body, with the exception of the county of Sussex, where the minimum may be seven inches instead of eight. It was not considered expedient to make any regulation in regard to time of capture, as referring to the spawning season, which takes place at different dates on different portions of the coast.

This limitation of size, it will be noticed, is much greater than that applied in the United States, where the length of eleven inches from the bill to the end of the tail has been fixed as the minimum.

An important article of commerce is the orchella, or a species of lichen, known in the trade as *Rocella fuciformis*. A recent chemical examination tends to show that in this substance two coloring matters exist, and a third (red) is developed in its preparation. By treating the lichen with hot water the green substance is removed, and the application of alkali is necessary to obtain the red matter. The yellow principle is then obtained by treating the residue with alcohol. It is not desirable to reduce the lichen to too fine particles. Carbonate of soda is considered the best for extracting the colors.

Dr. V. Rygersma, an eminent naturalist and physician of St. Martin, in the West Indies, died on the 4th of March last. He was in correspondence with the principal conchologists of this country, and by his collections and observations added much to our knowledge of the conchology of the West Indies.

The fact of the extinction of many formerly well-known animals by human agencies is well established, and, according to Pelzeln, this fate is now impending upon quite a number of species, at least of birds. Referring to the fact of the disappearance of the great auk, or Northern penguin, of the æpyornis of Madagascar, of the dinornis of New Zealand, of the dodo, etc., he adduces sundry additional instances as less known. Among these are the *Notornis alba*, or white rail, of Norfolk Island, a species of gallinule, and the *Porphyrio stanleyi* of Lord Howe Island. Of a second species of *Notornis* from New Zealand Mr. Walter Mantell obtained two living specimens, the last, it is believed, of the race, with quite a number of their fossil bones.

Of the Nestor parrot (*Nestor productus*) of Gould, from Phillips Island, no living specimens are now supposed to exist. The last one known was a cage bird in London in 1851. Quite a number of specimens, however, are in public museums.

According to later advices, the sickle-bill bird of the Sandwich Islands (*Drepanis pacifica*), the feathers of which were used for the production of the royal robes, is no longer to be found living. The starling of the island of Reunion (*Fregilupus varius*) has not been seen alive within recent years, although several specimens were obtained by Professor Savi in 1844.

The Labrador duck (*Camptolæmus labradorius*) of America is ranked among nearly extinct species, and is said to be more poorly represented in museums than even the great auk. There is, however, good reason to believe that this bird is still abundant in the arctic seas, and that it may yet be brought in in considerable quantities.

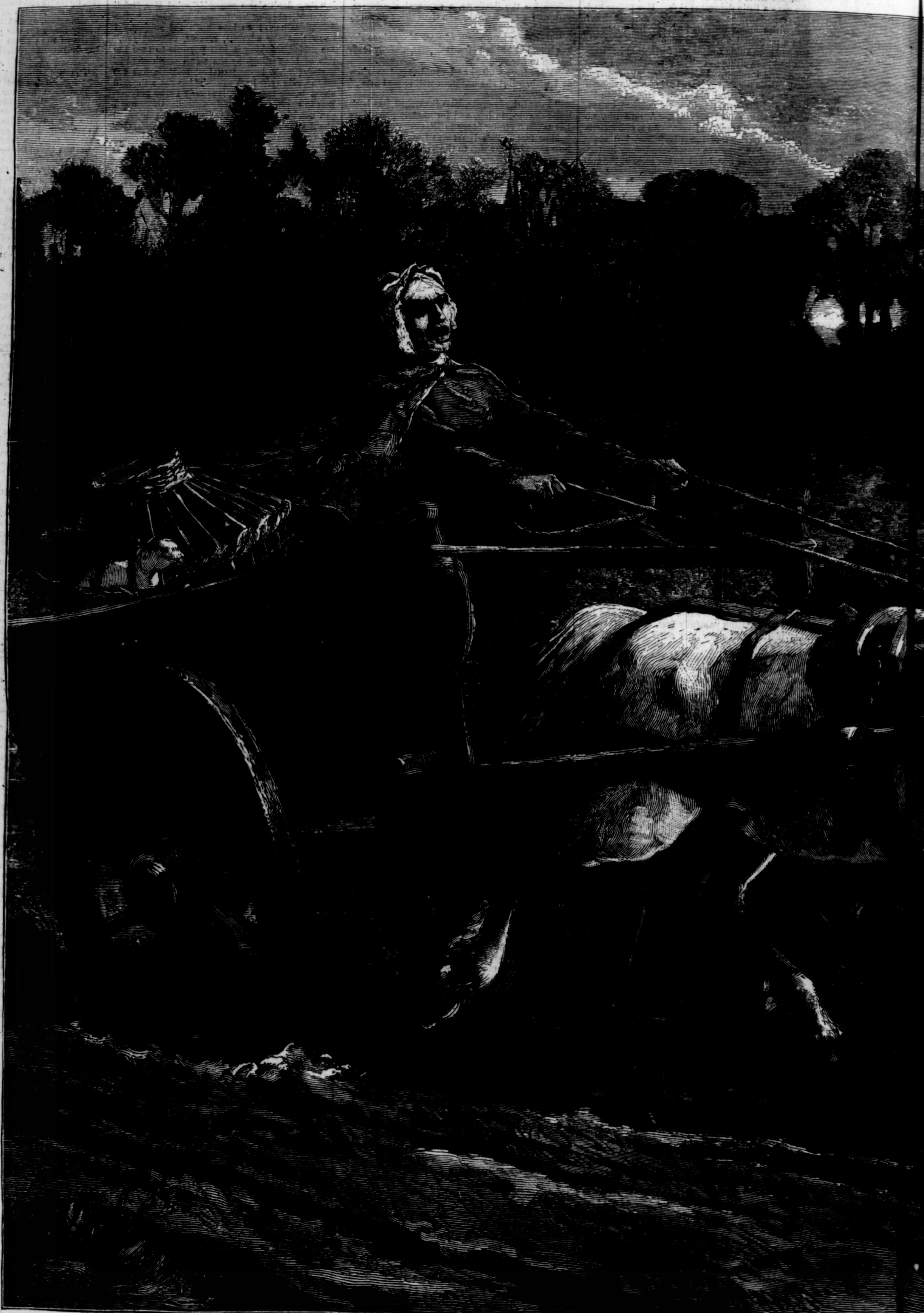
The dodo pigeon of the Samoan Islands (*Didunculus*), the apteryx and the stringops of New Zealand, and the forest rail (*Ocydromus sylvestris*) of Lord Howe Island, are also believed to be very nearly extinct.

A question as to the native country of the Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*) has lately arisen, the accuracy of its previous reference to Brazil and Peru by authors having been doubted by Professor Gray. The subject was referred by him to Professor J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, who brought to bear his well-known philological and historical knowledge in the solution of the inquiry. The result has been an identification with the *H. doronicoides* of the Mississippi Valley, and the conclusion that the *H. tuberosus* is simply one of the varieties of form which the other wild species frequently assume.

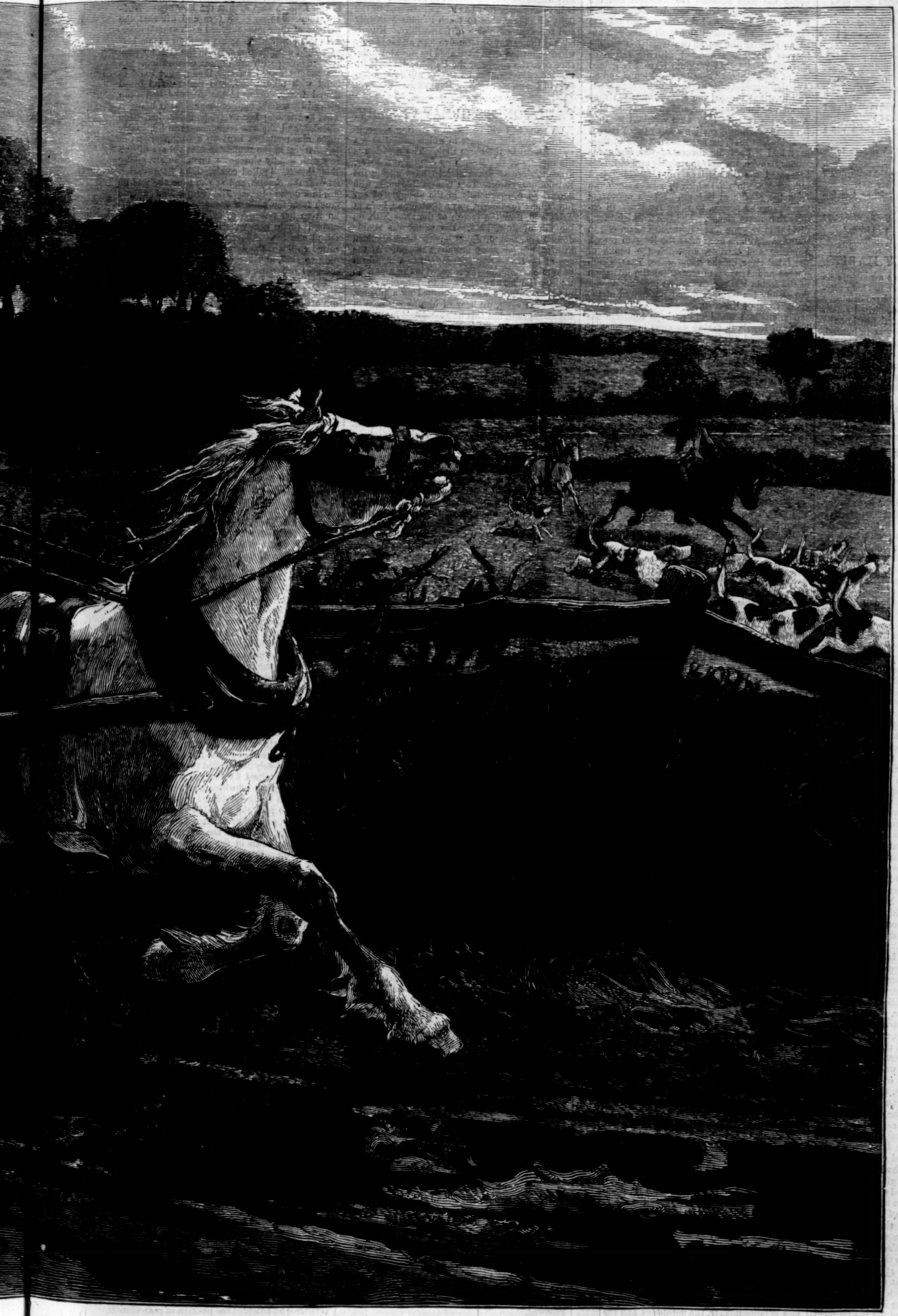
Professor Gray also is inclined to think that the common sunflower (*H. annuus*) is a derivative by cultivation from the *H. lenticularis* of Douglas, itself only a larger form of the *H. petiolaris* of Nuttall, a native of the Western plains, to and beyond the Rocky Mountains.

The death of Colonel E. Jewett, a well-known naturalist and collector, took place at Santa Barbara, California, on the 18th of May, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Colonel Jewett's life has been a long and eventful one, but it is of his career as a naturalist that we have at present to speak. Born in New Hampshire, he spent a large portion of his life in New York, and while residing in its western portion his attention became attracted to the great variety of its fossil remains. These he collected very sedulously, and in time secured a cabinet second only to that of Professor James Hall, of Albany. This collection was purchased by Cornell University for the sum of $10,000.

For a time he was the curator of the New York State Cabinet, in which he was succeeded by Professor Hall. From his interest in fossil shells his attention was turned to recent species, and by visiting numerous localities, and instituting an extended system of exchange, he ultimately came into possession of one of the finest private cabinets in the United States. This, it is understood, remains the property of his daughter, Mrs. Boyce, who lives at Santa Barbara, and is said to contain some 14,000 species.



THE FORCE OF EARLY H BITS



Y HABITS.—[See Page 546.]

A PENITENT.

Arrah, Neelie, don't look like a tunder-cloud, darlint;
What harm if I did stale a kiss from your lips?
No sinsible bee meets a smiling young rose, sure,
But stops, the sly thafe, and a honey drop sips.
And, rose of the wurruld, spake aisy now, ain't I
More sinsible far than a vagabond bee?
And how could I see the swate kiss that was lying
There on your red lips, as though waiting for me,
And not take it, darlint? Och, Neelie, give o'er!
Faith, I'm awfully sorry—*I didn't take more.*

'Twas your fault intirely. Why did you smile at me?
So great a timptation no man could resist,
For your laughing blue eyes, and your cheek wid a dimple,
And your dilicate mouth said, "We're here to be kissed."
And could I be draming they didn't spake truth, dear?
Sure beautiful fatures like thim niver lie;
If they do, you should hide thim, and not be desaving
Such an innocent, trusting young fellow as I.
Are you frowning still, darlint? Och, Neelie, give o'er!
Don't I tell you I'm sorry—*I didn't take more!*

THE FORCE OF EARLY HABITS.

Our double-page engraving has a pathetic as well as a humorous side. One can not help pitying the old horse, condemned to the hard drudgery of farm-work, suddenly roused to spirited action by the baying of the hounds and the call of the huntsman's horn. He tears along at full speed, to the great terror of the old woman in the cart, who is evidently afraid that its contents will be spilled into the road. Many curious anecdotes are told of old racers, hunters, and cavalry horses suddenly excited by some familiar sound, and reminded of their early habits in a way that was exceedingly uncomfortable to those who were riding or driving them.

THE DANUBE.

The Danube in the Roman imperial period formed the boundary of civilization, and the legions rigidly repelled from its southern banks the hosts of barbarians who peopled the German forests. At length the imprudent Trajan passed its waters, and founded a province in the heart of Europe; a fine Roman road ran along its borders; bridges crossed its rapid stream; the rich city of Sirmium, on the Save, was the harbor whence a fleet of Roman war ships—the torpedoes and iron-clads of antiquity—patrolled the Danube to its mouth, and guarded the passage of the important river. For two centuries and more it shielded almost effectually the rich fields and busy cities of the South from hostile invasion; Trajan, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius fought successfully in its defense; Rome slept secure while the mighty stream rolled unchallenged to the Euxine. Meantime the intellect and the courage of Italy died together, civilized men sank into the condition of the Chinese or the Aztec, and only the swift river sheltered the feeble creatures from the arms and the dominion of the superior races who gazed upon them menacingly from the upper shore. At last the Huns began to press upon the more cultivated Goths, and an incautious and timid emperor invited the savage throng over the stream. Valens threw open the gates of the Danube; the Goths crossed in immense, or at least irresistible, numbers; a feud began at once between the civilized man and the savage, and within a few years the Roman world had passed away, and the faint dawn of modern arts and progress began amidst the desolation of Europe.

Such was the result of the first passage of the Danube. An empire was overthrown, knowledge perished, and for seven centuries barbarous races slowly strove to revive some of the inventions and conveniences of the past, or new hordes of savages, pouring down from the North, labored to undo the work of their Gothic predecessors. Over the Danube, in the ninth century, came the wild and terrible Bulgarians, to sink slowly into a civilized and conquered nation. Later the Hungarians, the most cruel and the last of the Northern barbarians, crossed the stream. They ravaged, they burned, they massacred; the repose of even Gothic Spain was tormented by the raids of these merciless horsemen. Like the Sioux and the Comanche, the Hungarians, with streaming locks and glittering knives, penetrated the recesses of Gaul, Italy, and Greece, and in the ninth and tenth centuries threatened the utter desolation of the West. It was the most horrible period of European woe, and all the world looked forward almost hopefully to its own destruction. But again, like the Bulgarians, the Hungarians sank into a cultivated people, and on the banks of the Danube contributed to the defenses of the civilization they had seemed eager to destroy. Then, within two centuries, great crusades swept along the mighty stream: the Danube saw the fanatical hordes of robbers and enthusiasts perish by myriads where Attila had once ravaged and Alaric guided his destroying host. Next the Tartar squadrons penetrated to the river, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Europe trembled before the savages of Asia. Last of all came the Turks, and with them the last of those successive waves of conquest with which the East has threatened the West from Xerxes to Mohammed II., and when, in the fifteenth century, the Sultan fixed his throne at Constantinople, the Danube had become almost a Turkish river, and for more than three centuries Bulgaria, Servia, Wallachia, have obeyed the Porte, and Hungary has been the battle-ground for the freedom of Europe. Often the Turks have moved on imperious to the walls of Vienna, and only the opening of the eighteenth century and the victories of Prince Eugène decided the last great contest between the Crescent and the Cross.

But peace has never yet approached the mighty river, and its turbid waters have flowed on, forever tinted by the blood of the madmen at its side. In the dawn of the eighteenth century began the wars between the Russians and the Turks. Peter the Great was defeated, Catherine II. victorious. And the Danube has become familiar with new races and fresh slaughter, until no river of the world can equal the warlike horrors that are associated with its fertile or splendid shores. At Wagram Napoleon gained one of his bloodiest victories, and Vienna and an Austrian empress were the spoils of the conqueror. The Russians crossed the stream in 1828; they threatened Constantinople, and attained their aim. And again in 1854 they were repulsed by British and French intervention and by Omar Pasha. Meantime, in 1849, the fierce insurrection of Hungary had lighted the flames of war along the Upper Danube, and only the mighty arm of Russia prevented the Hungarians from reaching that independence in 1850 which they have since won from the results of Sadowa. Russia oppressed the struggling people, to rouse for itself an enmity that never sleeps. The two Turkish races, divided in religion and culture, are again one in purpose. And as once more the Russian forces, immense and terrible, approach the banks of the fated river, on the scene where Trajan conquered and Athanaric crossed at the invitation of the feeble Valens, their most pressing danger is possibly the bitter and undying hatred of the countrymen of Kossuth.

The civilized world will perhaps condemn the haste of Russia in taking up arms in defense of the oppressed Christians, while it approves its cause. It would no doubt have counseled a general union of the European powers in some attempt to control Turkey, and a longer delay in bringing on the fatal hour. War has become a thing too shocking to be entered upon without some complete excuse. A war of conquest is abhorrent to the higher instincts of the time. But between the two combatants, who face each other on the troubled Danube, the cultivated world has already made its decision. With the Turk there is no hope of reform; his religion forbids it. The spirit of his faith is war against the unbeliever until death. The barbarities inflicted upon the European Christians are the natural results of an exclusive and persecuting creed. And when the Sultan unfurls the green banner of Islam, when he summons all the faithful to the rescue of Constantinople, he makes that more than ever a religious war which might otherwise have been a contest between two rival nations. Russia, on the other hand, has shown some traits of a progressive creed. The Greek Church has never been a fixed, aggressive sect, like the papacy or Mohammedanism. Of the three forms of Oriental belief, it approaches nearest to the liberality of Protestantism, and it is not impossible that its harsher traits may be removed by the advance of knowledge. But for enraged and fanatical Mohammedanism, like the ultramontanism of Europe and America, there seems no hope of progress except in its complete suppression. Protestantism has long abandoned the persecuting dogmas of some of its earlier teachers. The Russian emancipates his serfs and condemns the intolerance of his clergy. But the barbarities of the Turk in Bulgaria, or the ultramontane in Nicaragua and Acapulco, are the fruits of an unchanging cruelty that seems incapable of reform. The doctrine of infallibility is in both instances the source of an utter contempt for the laws of benevolence and progress.

The novels of Turgeneff and the careful studies of Mr. Wallace have thrown fresh light upon the condition of great classes of the Russian people. Neither are satisfied, but from both may be gathered some favorable omens of a future progress. According to the novelist, the educated and ruling caste is brave, immoral, skeptical, bowing slavishly to the opinions of Paris, and ignorant, apparently, of any other source of enlightenment. And French manners and French skepticism debase the general conduct of society. The men, the women, have scarcely yet learned to distinguish the purer traits of civilization; and of the immense horde of emancipated peasants neither author gives any good account. Turgeneff, one of the first advocates of emancipation, paints the indolence, the vices, of the former serfs, and the patient poverty of their owners. Mr. Wallace has drawn even a less favorable picture, and it is plain that of the 70,000,000 of Russians the vast majority have few of the common graces or requirements of civilization. In every European country no doubt the large majority of the population are weighed down by intense poverty, and sometimes ignorance. The condition of men is nowhere satisfactory; but in Russia, according to their own observers, this condition is too often self-chosen, and the immense mass of emancipated serfs have refused as yet to make a good use of freedom. They have taken advantage of it to enter upon one long and wild debauch. But this can not last forever. The Russians are good-tempered, intelligent, capable of labor. Education can alone give them a better life. Freedom is a priceless gift, and a wise administration might easily teach its people the advantages of industry and knowledge.

As the cannon roar over the swollen Danube and the immense hosts line its hostile shores, one necessarily asks if this wild uproar must continue forever, and war never cease along the fated stream. When shall this horrid discord end? By what arm shall the savage warriors of the East be stayed? One by one, Goths, Huns, Hungarians, Poles, Crusaders, Tartars, Wallenstein, Napoleon, Eugène, Kossuth and Gorgey, Haynau and Windischgrätz, the murderers and the murdered, glide over the patient river, and indicate the barbarism of man; and there seems no hope of rest until the Turkish reign is ended, and some humane and enlightened government shall rule all the shores of the Danube. Russia, reformed and educated, might easily create such a power. It is said that the Russians have already learned humanity in war: could they learn a proper abhorrence of conquest and perpetual slaughter, they might become the saviors of the East. There is but one power that has been discovered by the light of history able to teach nations humanity and the supreme value of tranquillity. Knowledge is the enemy of offensive war, and it is only when education shall have shed its soothing influence over the shores of the Danube, the most ill-omened of rivers, that its waters will flow on forever in peace.

Eugene Lawrence.

PAUL JONES'S GREAT VICTORY.

On page 548 will be found a stirring scene, illustrative of the manner in which battles at sea were fought in the olden time. The occasion is the capture of the *Serapis* by John Paul Jones, a commodore in the American navy during the Revolutionary war. This remarkable man, who figured so conspicuously in the struggle of our forefathers for liberty, was a Scotchman, born at Arbigland, near the mouth of the river Nith, on the 6th of July, 1747. His name was simply John Paul, that of Jones having been assumed in after-life for some unknown reason. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a merchant of Whitehaven who was engaged in the American trade. His first voyage was to Virginia, where his elder brother was established as a planter. Some time after, we hear of him as engaged in the slave-trade, but this he abandoned in disgust. Subsequently he made several voyages to the West Indies, and, it is said, accumulated a fortune by his successful speculations.

At the commencement of the Revolution Jones offered his services to the United States government, and received a commission as lieutenant in the navy December 22, 1775. For a time he served in a subordinate capacity, but his ability and daring became so conspicuous that within ten months he was placed in command of an expedition consisting of two vessels, the *Alfred* and the *Providence*. For the next three years we hear of him in all parts of the Atlantic coast and on the shores of Scotland, where he harassed the coasting trade, and also made a most daring and successful descent upon the town of Whitehaven.

In 1779 an important expedition was fitted out under the joint auspices of the King of France and the American Commissioners, and placed under the command of Jones. The squadron consisted of five vessels; and though four of them were French, they were to be considered as American ships, to be governed by the rules of the American navy during the cruise. The commissions of the officers were given by Dr. Franklin; and before the expedition sailed, the name of the *Duras*, Jones's flag-ship, was changed to that of *Bonhomme Richard*, as a compliment to the great philosopher. His crew of 375 men was a medley made up of representatives of almost every nation in Europe, and even Malays. The ship herself was an indifferent vessel, and equipped in a very inefficient manner. On her main or gun deck she mounted twenty-eight twelve-pounders, and on her quarter-deck and forecastle fourteen nine-pounders, making an armament of forty-two guns in all. Dissatisfied with this, Jones caused twelve ports to be cut in the room below, where six old eighteen-pounders were mounted. This expedient, however, did not add to the efficiency of the ship, but, on the contrary, produced the most disastrous consequences.

At the close of July Jones sailed from Lorient, on the coast of France, steered for the western shores of Ireland, and appeared off Kerry. From thence he ranged round the north of Scotland until he came opposite the Frith of Forth, when he directed his course toward Flamborough Head. By the middle of September twenty-six vessels had been captured or destroyed by the squadron, and very great alarm created upon the east coast of England. On the 23d of the same month Jones fell in with the fleet from the Baltic, under the protection of the *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Pearson, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, commanded by Captain Piercy. Before noon Captain Pearson received intelligence from the bailiffs of Scarborough of the squadron under Jones being on the coast, and between twelve and one the enemies were in each other's sight. Signal for general chase was made by Jones, and the ship *Alliance*, being the fastest of the squadron, took the lead. Owing, however, to the cowardice or mutinous spirit of her commander, Captain Landais, on seeing the strength of the English fleet she immediately stood off at a safe distance. About half past seven in the evening the *Richard* came up with the *Serapis* and closed with her upon her quarter-deck to about half pistol-shot. The weather was serene and beautiful, the water perfectly smooth, and the wind light at southwest, both ships heading to the northward. It was also full moon, and Flamborough Head less than a league distant, so that the piers of Scarborough were covered with spectators eager to witness the combat. The *Serapis* now hailed the *Richard*, and was answered. A few unimportant questions passed, when broadsides were exchanged, and two of the old eighteen-pounders in the *Richard's* gun-room burst, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding a number of the men stationed at them. This part of the battery was then abandoned, and the ports closed. A close and heavy cannonade was now maintained by both ships for about an hour, when they fouled each other, and for a few moments the fighting ceased. Captain Pearson then hailed the *Richard*, and asked if she had struck her colors. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the reply of Jones, and the action was immediately renewed.

Captain Pearson's vessel had considerable superiority over the *Richard* in regard to her working power, and repeatedly gained advantages, in spite of the efforts of Jones to prevent it. Finally, to put an end to this, Jones aimed at laying his ship athwart of the other. Though he did not succeed in his wish, yet, as the bowsprit of the *Serapis* ran between his poop and mizzen-mast, he seized the opportunity of lashing the two vessels together; and the wind driving the head of the English ship against the bow of the *Richard*, they came so close fore and aft that the muzzles of their guns touched each other's sides.

In this position the action continued from half past eight until half past ten in the evening, each party fighting with the utmost desperation. As the conflict waxed warmer, they fought hand to hand with pike, pistol, and cutlass, and blood flowed freely. Already the *Richard* had been pierced by several eighteen-pound balls between wind and water; her twelve-pounders had been silenced, and she was commencing to fill. Only three nine-pounders kept up a cannonade; but the marines in the round-top sent volleys of bullets with deadly aim down upon the struggling Englishmen. Ignited combustibles were scattered over the *Serapis*, and at one time she was on fire in a dozen places. The *Serapis* also suffered much from the guns of the *Alliance*, which came up from her position of safety and deliberately poured forth her volleys indiscriminately on friend and foe. About ten o'clock the cry was raised on board the *Richard* that she was beginning to sink, and her carpenter released over a hundred prisoners, a part of whom succeeded in getting aboard the *Serapis*. The gunner, also, alarmed at the quantity of water in the vessel, ran aft on the poop, crying for quarter. He was abruptly silenced by Jones. But the situation of the *Richard* was apparently hopeless. She was almost in a sinking condition, many of her guns were disabled, a large number of her prisoners were at large, the *Alliance* was deliberately firing into her, and some of the petty officers had set up the cry of fire.

Jones was advised to surrender, but repudiated the thought. The prisoners were compelled to work at the pumps, the three surviving guns kept up their fire, and the action was continued under Jones's personal superintendence. At length the *Serapis*, overcome with the fury of her enemy, surrendered. Captain Pearson, who had nailed his flag to the mast, became convinced of the folly of prolonging the engagement, and struck his colors with his own hand. When the moment came for the gallant Englishman to deliver his sword to Commodore Jones, whom he regarded as a rebel and a pirate, it is related that he said, "I can not, Sir, but feel much mortification at the idea of surrendering my sword to a man who has fought me with a rope around his neck." Jones received the weapon, and immediately returning it, said, "You have fought gallantly, Sir, and I hope your king will give you a better ship." Captain Pearson was afterward knighted as a reward for his conduct on the occasion. The story is told that, upon hearing of the event, Jones remarked, "He deserves it; and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him."

Both the *Serapis* and the *Richard* had suffered much during the engagement, but the latter was a complete wreck, and the seven feet of water which she had in her hold upon the conclusion of the combat kept constantly increasing. She was on fire in two places, her quarters on the lower deck were driven in, the whole of her main battery was dismounted, and she was cut to pieces in the most extraordinary manner. The after-part of the ship, in line with the guns of the *Serapis*, was so completely demolished that the upper deck was only sustained by the ruins of the frame-work, some parts of which had been missed by the shot. It being considered impossible to convey her into port, the wounded were removed to the *Serapis*, and, after a short attempt to keep her afloat by means of the pumps, she was allowed to go down in the deep waters off Bridlington Bay. Commodore Jones, with the remains of his flying squadron and prizes, made for Holland, and on the 3d of October anchored off the Texel. The prizes taken and ransomed by the *Bonhomme Richard* during her cruise were estimated at the sum of £40,000.

Upon the arrival of Jones at Holland, the British minister at the Hague applied to the States-General for an order delivering up the *Serapis* and *Scarborough*, the latter having surrendered at the same time as the *Serapis*, together with Jones and his men. Happily the Dutch authorities refused to interfere, for they felt a secret friendship for the struggling Americans. By a diplomatic trick they also avoided trouble with Great Britain, and Commodore Jones, instead of being conveyed as a pirate to England, was soon upon the ocean as commander of the *Alliance*, the captain of that vessel having been dismissed the service on account of his conduct during the famous combat. Jones's action with the *Serapis* gave him great *éclat* in Europe and America, and no subsequent action ever dimmed his fame. Louis XVI. gave him a gold-mounted sword, bearing upon its blade the words: *Vindicati maris Ludovicus XVI., remunerator strenuo vindici.* This inscription was surrounded by the emblems of America and France. Louis also created him Knight of the Order of Merit. In 1781 he sailed for America, and here further honors were heaped upon him. General Washington wrote him an exceedingly complimentary letter, and Congress gave him a special vote of thanks. Eight years later, the same body ordered a gold medal to be struck and presented to the "Chevalier John Paul Jones." One side bore a portrait of the hero, and the other a view of the engagement by which his fame was won.

At the close of the war, Jones sailed for France, empowered to negotiate for the recovery of prize-money in different parts of Europe. This service rendered, he accepted the position of rear-admiral in the Russian navy, and on the occasion of a difficulty between that power and the Turks, acquitted himself in such a manner that he received from the Empress Catherine the ribbon of St. Anne. He was disappointed, however, in not obtaining the command of the fleet in the

Black Sea, and a quarrel with the admiral, Prince **Nassau**, brought him into such disfavor at court that he retired from the Russian service. A pension was promised him from the Russian government, but it was never paid, and the great naval commander retired to Paris, where he lived in poverty and neglect. His death occurred on the 18th of July, 1792, but the place of his burial is not known. A commission from the American government, appointing him agent to treat with Algiers, arrived too late to find him among the living.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday,	15.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	25.—St. James, the Apostle.
Sunday,	29.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

On the 3d of June, the culminating day of the papal jubilee, the bells of the St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church in the city of Rome were rung for the first time. Twenty-three bells in all have been cast, but only three could be hung in time for the services on that Sunday. The same day was also in Italy the festival of the founding of the present kingdom. The largest of the bells weighs three-quarters of a ton, and bears on it this inscription: *Verbum Dei non est alligatum.* The Rev. Dr. **Nevin** writes of this event to the New York *Churchman*: "Mr. **Messenger** has already set up many bells in many parts of the Church at home. None certainly do him more credit, or have given out a truer, nobler, or more needed utterance of the Church, than those which, on the day of the Pope's jubilee, sounded out here to the citizens of Rome and pilgrims gathered from every part of the inhabited earth, the long-stifled voice of the apostle—*Verbum Dei non est alligatum*—'the word of God is not bound.'"

On the 20th of June the Rev. **Thomas Huband Gregg**, D.D., was consecrated bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church for England. The services took place in the First Church of New York, corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. The sermon was preached by Bishop **Cheney**. Dr. **Gregg** was born in England in 1840, graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1861, and since 1869 has been vicar of East Harborne. He was elected bishop at the recent meeting of the Reformed Episcopal Council, and expects to take charge of a church near London.

The death of the Rev. Dr. N. L. **Rice**, at one time pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of this city (Dr. **John Hall**'s), has revived recollections of his great power as a controversialist. Thirty and forty years ago oral debates between champions of different doctrinal faiths were common in the West, and notably in Kentucky. Dr. **Rice** figured in one such logical and theological tournament, in which his opponent was **Alexander Campbell**, the founder of the Church of the Disciples. The Moderators were **Henry Clay**, Chief Justice **Robertson**, and Hon. **John Speed Smith**. Eighteen days were spent in the contest, over which the people hung with breathless suspense, relieved now and then by bursts of applause. Whether it was the theology or the delight in seeing hard knocks given and taken that most interested the audiences might be an even question.

The Christian temperance movement increases in momentum throughout the central West. In Indiana the towns of Aurora, Leavenworth, and Jonesborough, are specified as having been greatly influenced by the appeals of the temperance orators. In the last-named place 910 persons signed the pledge. In Richmond, Indiana, nightly meetings have been held for three weeks, and "about five thousand" have signed the pledge. Mass-meetings have been held in Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, which have been attended by great crowds. Like results have been attained in West Virginia and Kentucky. The Christian temperance men will open a national temperance camp-meeting at Lake Bluff, near Chicago, on July 10.

In a recent notice of the Duke of Richmond's Burials Bill, in this Intelligence, it was stated that Earl **Harrowby**'s amendment, giving to Dissenters the same privilege of holding their own services in the parish church-yards as is now enjoyed by Churchmen, was lost by a tie vote. Some days after, the same amendment was offered again, and was carried in the House of Lords by a vote of 127 to 111. Since this defeat of the ministers the Duke of Richmond has announced the withdrawal of his bill.

At the Irish Presbyterian Assembly recently held, the total number of communicants reported was 107,000—a decrease of 1000 upon last year. The contributions for all purposes were £142,729—a slight increase.

The programmes of the religious summer resorts grow larger each year; the effort appears to be to extend them so as to cover the entire season. At Round Lake, New York, there will be a Union Camp-Meeting and Temperance Convention, beginning July 10, and continuing ten days; a Sunday-school Congress, beginning July 20, and continuing seven days; and a third camp-meeting, beginning September 4. At the first of the series (July 10-20) Bishop **Weaver**, of the Church of the United Brethren, Drs. **Talmage**, **Cuyler**, **Pentecost**, **Newman**, **Fowler**, and **Tiffany**, Messrs. **Hammond**, **Murphy**, Bishop **Fallows**, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and many others are announced to deliver either addresses or sermons. The Rev. **Alfred Taylor**, of New York, will preside over the Sunday-school Congress (July 20-27). The exercises will consist of lectures, topical studies of the Bible, and social meetings.

A continuous pastorate of fifty years is so rare now in our country that it is worthy of all honor. So thought the parishioners of the Rev. **John Stockton**, of Cross Creek, Western Pennsylvania. The Washington Presbytery united with them in making June 20, 1877, a festival occasion. The venerable minister traced, in the presence of an audience of 3000, the history of his fifty years' service in one pulpit. Suitable tokens of affection were bestowed on him by his friends. In the half century this church has sent out over one hundred ruling elders, thirty-nine ministers, and has received 1545 communicants. The largest number of members in communion with it at one time was 425.

As judged by the proceedings of their German and Swiss Synods, the progress of the Old Catholics in the adoption of reforms is slow, and yet there is progress. The freeing of the clergy from the obligation of celibacy still waits for a formal decision. At the Swiss Synod the Missal, Ritual, and Catechism in the language of the people were provisionally adopted for a year. The question of communion in both kinds was referred to a committee for consideration. The French are represented as being desirous of this reform, but the German-Swiss are more conservatively inclined.

The restoration of fraternity between Churches of our Northern and Southern States has led to the discussion of union, the next and most natural step. The Northern and Southern Baptists now exchange courtesies at their anniversaries; the Presbyterians unfortunately find that the course of true love does not run smooth; another year, it may be hoped, will remove every impediment to brotherly intercourse. In view of future probabilities, it becomes interesting to ascertain the relative strength of the great denominations in the South. The Baptists have there 1,269,388 communicants, the major part of their number in the whole Union; the Southern Methodists, 722,347; the Northern Methodists, 400,000; the Colored Methodist Churches, 430,000; and the Presbyterians, not over 150,000. Of the 400,000 communicants of the Northern Methodist Church in the South, reckoning the border States, 201,732 are whites.

June is in Canada the month in which the chief conventions are held. The Presbyterian Assembly met in Halifax, and devoted a large share of its time to the **Macdonnell** case. This case is one of alleged heresy. The Rev. Mr. **Macdonnell** having expressed himself, more than a year since, as hesitating to accept the doctrine of the "eternity or endless duration of the punishment of the wicked," as taught in the Westminster Confession, the Assembly affirmed in 1876 a distinct profession of faith therein as essential to ministerial standing. Mr. **Macdonnell**, while claiming to hold to the Confession, has refused to make such an explicit declaration as the Assembly requires. After a long debate, the case was referred to the Toronto Presbytery, with instructions to proceed against Mr. **Macdonnell** by libel. The discussion in the Assembly revolved about the minor question of the regularity of the proceedings. The Methodist Church of Canada held its annual Conference at Whitby. The manager of the publishing house at Toronto reported a satisfactory business for the year. It was determined to set apart a portion of the time of the next Conference, which will meet in Toronto, June, 1878, to discussing questions which may come up in the next General Conference for legislative action. The Synod of Toronto (Church of England) opened in the city of Toronto, June 19. The bishop, in his annual address, took decided ground against the establishment of a second theological school in the diocese.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the principal cities of Europe different systems are adopted for keeping the public thoroughfares clean, and for the removal and disposal of ashes, garbage, and refuse. As a general rule, European cities are divided into districts or sections, and the work of cleaning in each district is entirely independent from all the others. London, with its population of three and a half millions of people, and an area of over one hundred square miles, lacks many essential conditions of healthfulness and salubrity, from its location and climate. But its rulers fight against malaria and dirt; the streets are cleaned by a well-drilled force, and the well-built sewers carry their burden far into the sea. Street-cleaning in London is done by contract, and the management of the work is vested in district boards. All refuse and garbage collected become the property of the district board, unless otherwise agreed, and the street-cleaning contractors are fined if their work is not properly performed. An "Inspector of Nuisances" in each district reports all cases of neglect of duty. The system of street-cleaning in the English capital is simple and thorough, and the healthfulness of the city has steadily increased for the past twenty years. Paris is divided into districts, and these districts are subdivided into quartiers. The city contains over 3600 streets and public places, and the cleaning of these is done in sections. The general supervision of the work is vested in the Prefect of the Seine; more directly it is in charge of the Prefecture of Police, and regular inspectors are also employed. The street-cleaners are employed by the city, and all the work is done during the night, none being allowed during business hours. A large amount is realized by the sale of garbage and refuse, and the strictest discipline is enforced among the cleaners, no one being paid for more work than is actually done. Consequently, Paris is a clean city. In Hamburg and several important German cities, street-cleaning is a source of revenue to the city, instead of an expense, from the utilization of the refuse. Manchester, England, has adopted a self-paying system of cleansing. Every thing is taken from the streets to public yards in the outskirts of the town, sorted, and much of it worked over into useful commodities. Among the products of the dirt heaps may be mentioned paper pulp; a valuable patent fertilizer; a disinfecting powder; a kind of mortar; bone; scrap metals. Whatever is useless is passed through a "carbonizer," and made harmless. The cinders collected supply all the fuel for the furnaces.

If New York can not devise some efficient system of its own for street-cleaning, is it not possible to learn something from other cities?

A suit was recently brought by a lady against the Delaware and Bound Brook Railroad Company for damages from an accident on a Centennial train. It was shown that the plaintiff was compelled to stand, and that by the movement of the train she was thrown against a stove and injured. The court charged the jury that "a ticket entitled the holder to a seat; that it made no difference that the ticket was purchased at a reduced rate, and that if the plaintiff had asked for a seat, the defendant was bound to give her one; that it was not negligence in the plaintiff to stand if she could not procure a seat. Under the rules of the company the defendant was *prima facie* liable, and the burden of proof was upon them to prove the contrary."

A bust of Joseph Mazzini, recently cast in bronze in this city, will soon be added to the monuments in Central Park by the Italian residents of the United States. The work was modeled by Signor Turini, and is three times the size of life. It will stand on a granite pedestal sixteen feet high, and be placed on the west side of the Park, near the statue of Webster. It will be unveiled, with suitable ceremonies, early in the fall.

The beautiful elm-trees of New Haven have suffered severely this year from the ravages of the canker-worm. The sparrows do not seem to have worked well this season.

Marblehead, Massachusetts, an old town of historic interest, was desolated by fire on the morning of June 25. As was the case during the St. John fire, a strong wind was prevailing, and from a small beginning, the flames spread until over seventy buildings were destroyed, involving the loss of more than half a million of dollars. Such a loss is to Marblehead very severe; as compared with St. John, it is a small place, having a population of from seven to eight thousand. One of the chief industries of Marblehead was shoe-making by machinery; and as most of the factories were burned, hundreds of people are thrown out of employment. The location of the water reservoir in the city was such that the first buildings which took fire prevented the water from being accessible. Otherwise the conflagration might have been checked much earlier.

The execution of ten "Molly Maguires" on the same day in Pennsylvania doubtless has been some check on the movements of this secret organization. But continued and vigorous measures will be necessary, it would seem, to show the power of law. Reports have been received from the mining districts that several witnesses against the "Molly Maguire" murderers have disappeared, and that two persons have been assassinated.

Late estimates of the losses by the St. John fire place the figures at over twenty million dollars.

If Brooklyn succeeds in enforcing the law in regard to fire-arms and fire-works on the Fourth of July, she will set an example worthy to be followed by all the cities of our country.

Two kinds of steam street cars are now in use on the Market Street line in Philadelphia.

A new line of steamers has been established between Boston and London, to give increased facilities for the shipment of merchandise and passengers. For the present it will be a monthly line, and the steamers will touch at Newcastle and Antwerp. London, however, will be the first port of arrival abroad and the last port of departure.

One day during June two million quarts of strawberries were shipped from Norfolk alone to New York. The strawberry season has been a long one this year, and the fruit unusually fine.

When Dom Pedro of Brazil is at home, he is easily accessible. On a certain day in the week he receives at his palace in Rio any one who chooses to come. His visitors await him in a long gallery, through which he walks at a given hour. Each explains his business, and the Emperor, who rapidly seizes the points of each recital, responds briefly in the language of the person who addresses him. He has a good memory, and he is never known to promise any thing which he does not perform.

The Sea-side Aquarium on Coney Island beach is a branch of the Aquarium in this city. It is situated at the terminus of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad, a little east of Cable's Hotel, and in full view of the ocean. It is built on an area of one hundred feet square. All the salt-water needed is pumped from the sea, a distance of 1585 feet. Besides the whale and the sea-lions, there are alligators, seals, fishes of many varieties, and two hundred species of birds. Among the latter are two African flamingoes, said to be the only ones in America.

The following story is related as illustrating "Turkish rule:" A new pasha, who had just been appointed to the government of a disturbed district in the north of Thessaly (notorious for every form of brigandage and violence), called together all the local officials immediately upon his arrival, and thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I wish to mark my sense of your diligence and zeal by doubling your pay for a year, on condition that the moment a robbery is committed the officer in whose district it takes place shall be hanged forthwith." The Turks, regarding this startling postscript as a mere joke, accepted the terms, and went away chuckling. Shortly after a robbery *did* occur, and the official in command came smirking and rubbing his hands to say that he would "do all in his power" to discover the offenders, when the pasha's stern voice broke in: "On to the hook with him!" In two minutes more the luckless official was hanging by the shoulder-blades on hooks of steel; and it is a curious fact that no more robberies occurred in that district under that pasha's administration.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

At a recent meeting, in which there was much religious interest, an old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H—— said to Brother W——, "Go and stop that old man's noise." He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. Brother H—— asked Brother W——, "What did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?" Brother W—— replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions."

Lawyers should sleep well. It is immaterial on which side they lie.

When ought mariners to have fruit at sea?—When they stem the currents.

What tricks are most common among Irishmen?—Patricks.

Extract from a letter in a recent breach-of-promise case: "My ownest own."

The ladies, Heaven bless 'em! fairly revel in the "sweet buy and buy."

People who reside in St. John, New Brunswick, are peculiar people. They begin a letter with a postscript; at least they can't even write the name of the city at the top of a letter without putting N. B. after it.

A Left-handed Compliment.—"Is he a good doctor?" asked one gentleman of another, speaking of an acquaintance. "Well, people call him so," replied the other, "but as far as my experience goes, if I was a patriotic man, and there was going to be a long war, I should like him to have charge of the enemy's wounded."

One from a Child.—Baby is seven years old, and, walking on the beach, says to his mother, "Mamma, give me a knife; I want to kill the sea." "My child, you are stupid; reflect a little. How can the sea be killed?" "Well, then, the *Dead* Sea; what did it die of?"

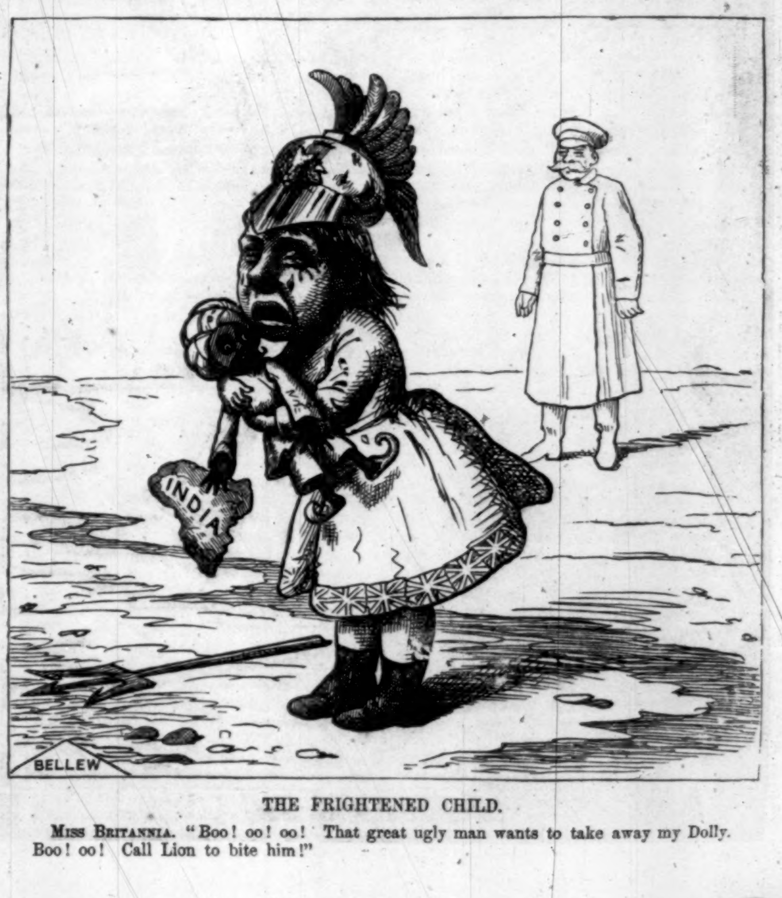
The School-Master abroad.—The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of an order for medicaments sent to the village druggist in a thriving district of Aberdeenshire: "You will me oblag to give the berer ¼ oz. suggar of led and three Leaches and vieniger."

When is a plant like a hog?—When it begins to root. And when is it like a soldier?—When it shoots.

CONNUBIAL AFFECTION.

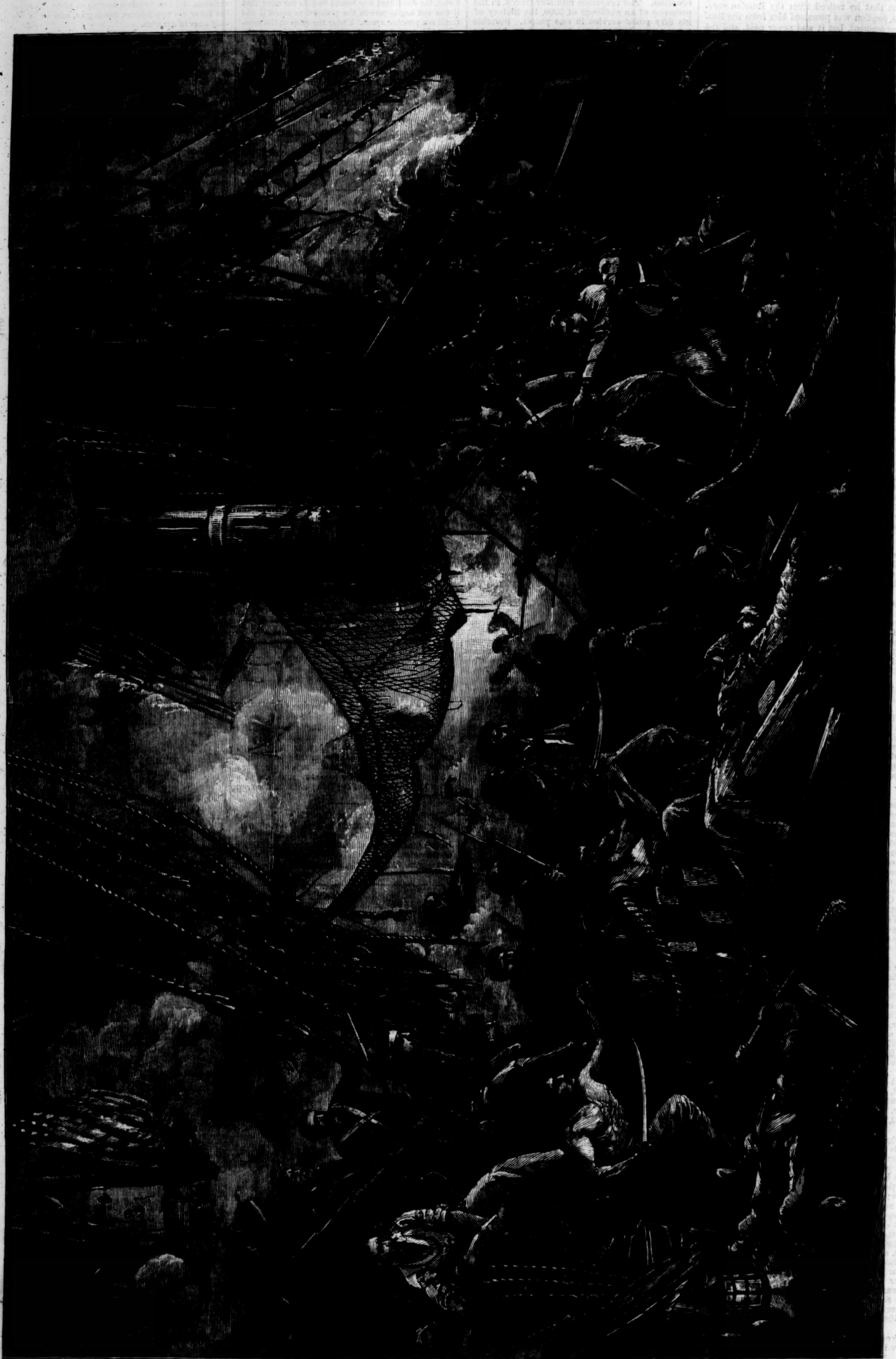
It is a maxim in the schools
That women always dote on fools.
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

A Californian, whose wedding day was fixed, did not appear at the appointed time and place, but sent a note to the clergyman, saying that he had just received a letter from his wife in New York, and thereby had his mind recalled to the fact that he was married several years before—a circumstance which had entirely escaped his memory.

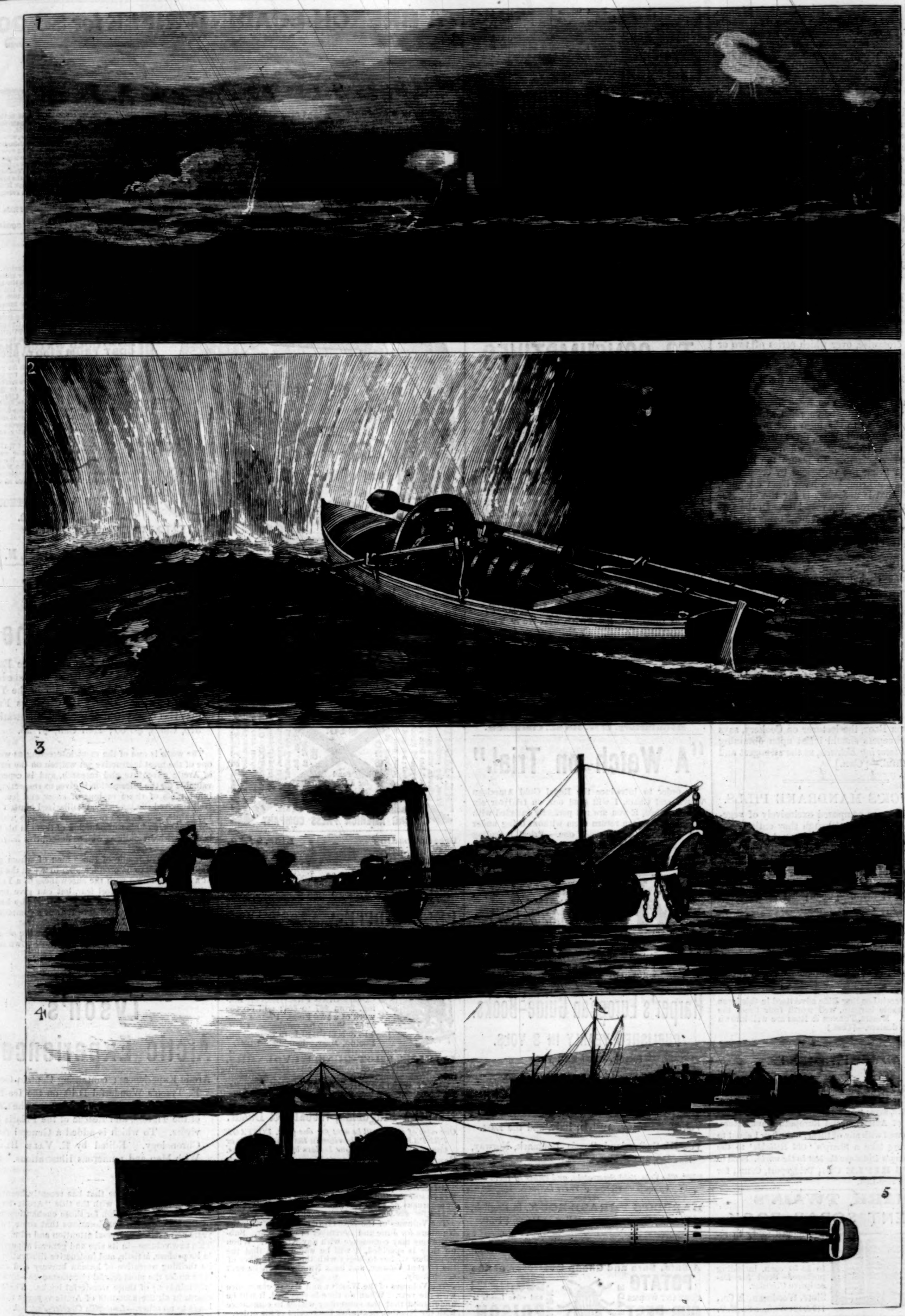


THE FRIGHTENED CHILD.

Miss Britannia. "Boo! oo! oo! That great ugly man wants to take away my Dolly. Boo! oo! Call Lion to bite him!"



PAUL JONES'S GREAT VICTORY—THE "BONHOMME RICHARD" AND THE "SERAPIS."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 546.]



1. American Torpedo Vessel *Alarm*. 2. Outrigged Torpedo Pinnace attacking an Iron-clad. 3. A Launch laying down Submarine Mines to protect Entrance to Harbor. 4. Electrical Pinnace with Counter-Mines. 5. Whitehead Torpedo.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TORPEDO WARFARE.

TORPEDO WARFARE.

The Russian operations on the Danube are now inviting attention to this destructive arm of the service. We offer some illustrations of the chief of the present recognized systems. One of the most formidable of ocean-going torpedo vessels is the dispatch boat *Alarm*, designed by Admiral Porter. This vessel has a length of 172 feet, including the snout or ram, which projects 32 feet from the stem; her breadth of beam is 27 feet 6 inches, and she draws 11 feet of water, with a displacement of about 700 tons. She is built of iron, with double sides and bottom, divided into water-tight compartments. She carries three cylinders, one at the snout and one on each side. By these cylinders or hollow spars of iron, which are 18 feet long at the sides and 32 feet long forward, either of two kinds of torpedoes might be placed against the hull of the enemy's ship. One is a modification of the Whitehead or fish torpedo, to be detached and darted off; the other kind is a fixed spar torpedo, to be held and thrust forth.

The Whitehead torpedo is a cigar-shaped steel cylinder 14 feet to 19 feet in length and from 14 inches to 16 inches in diameter. It is to be sent, requiring no crew, against the ship to be destroyed; and if one torpedo fails to deal the death-blow, another and a third can be sent after the enemy without much trouble or expense. This torpedo consists of three compartments—head, centre, and tail. The head contains the explosive, say, 360 pounds of gun-cotton; the central chamber holds the machinery and mechanism for regulating it, so as to remain at the depth at which the torpedo is to travel under the water-line; and the third part holds the supply of compressed air for the engine. The motive power is supplied by a small engine capable of indicating 40-horse power, but so compact that it can be made to weigh only 35 pounds. The working pressure of the air in the tail is usually about 1000 pounds per square inch, and the quantity carried is sufficient to propel the large torpedo 200 yards at a speed of 25 miles an hour, or about 1000 yards at a speed of 17 miles.

Another illustration shows a launch placing ground torpedoes, or submarine mines. Such defenses are of great use in protecting a harbor or shipping of inferior force from the fire of an enemy. This class of torpedo consists of an iron cask, part of which contains the charge and fuse, and the remainder is the air space for buoyancy. It is held in position, a few feet beneath the surface of low water, by a chain, which is secured to an iron mooring-block. Two or more lines of mines are necessary: they can be fired by the enemy striking them, or by electricity at the desired moment when two observers, stationed at points well situated for getting lines of intersection, note the enemy exactly over the position of a mine. Each torpedo might contain 250 pounds of gun-cotton. We may suppose 100-feet spaces to exist between neighboring mines on the same line, and some 500-feet spaces between each of the lines crosswise, over which series of two or three independent lines an enemy would have to pass before entering the harbor. Should the first explosion fail, the torpedo on No. 2 line will be fired as soon as the vessel crosses, and finally, if necessary, the torpedo on No. 3 line. The inside line would usually be supplied with circuit-closers in addition to the means of firing them on cross bearings and signal, these circuit-closers being always rendered active when darkness or thick weather sets in. To insure the greatest accuracy in firing the torpedoes by cross bearings, telescopic firing keys have been designed, so that all that is necessary is for the observer to watch the approaching vessel through the spy-glass, and, whenever its movement brings the firing key over one of the points, the position of a mine, to press it down to close the break in the circuit.

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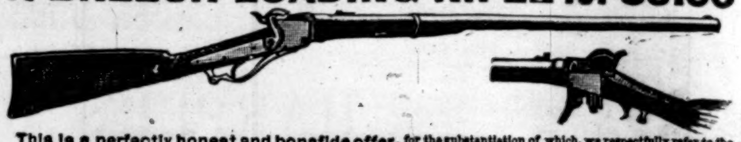

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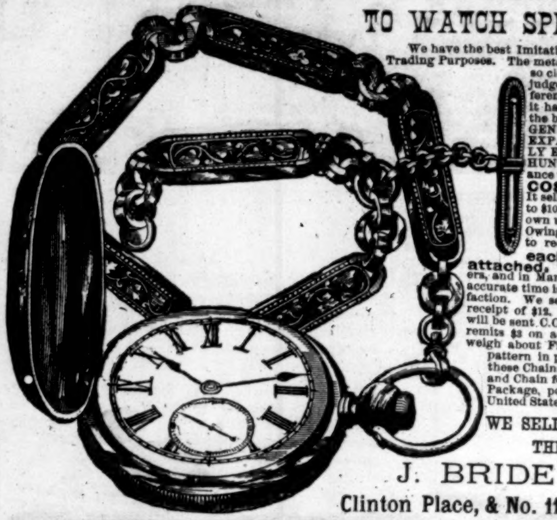

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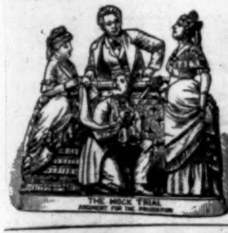

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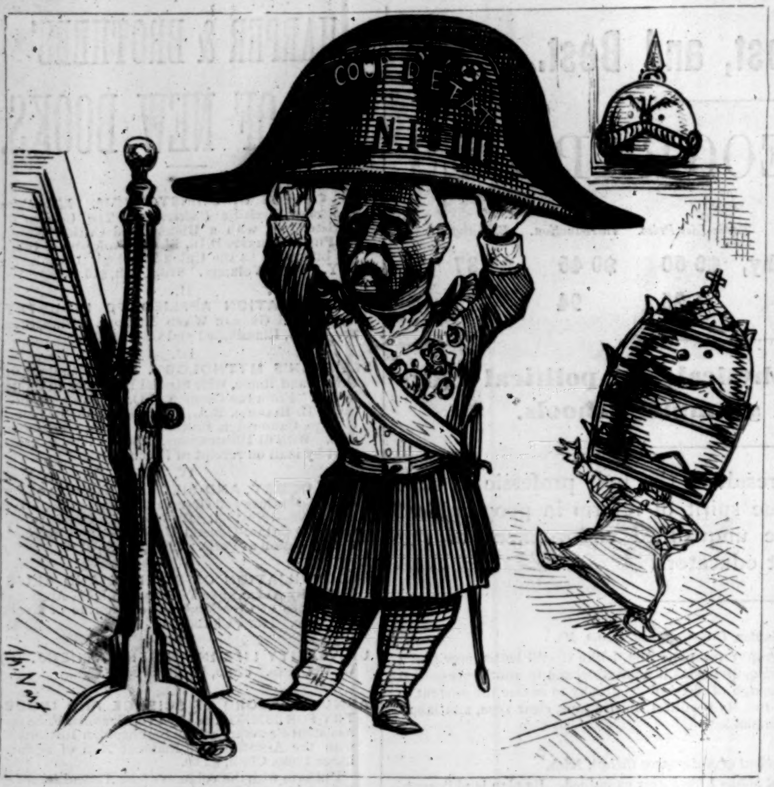

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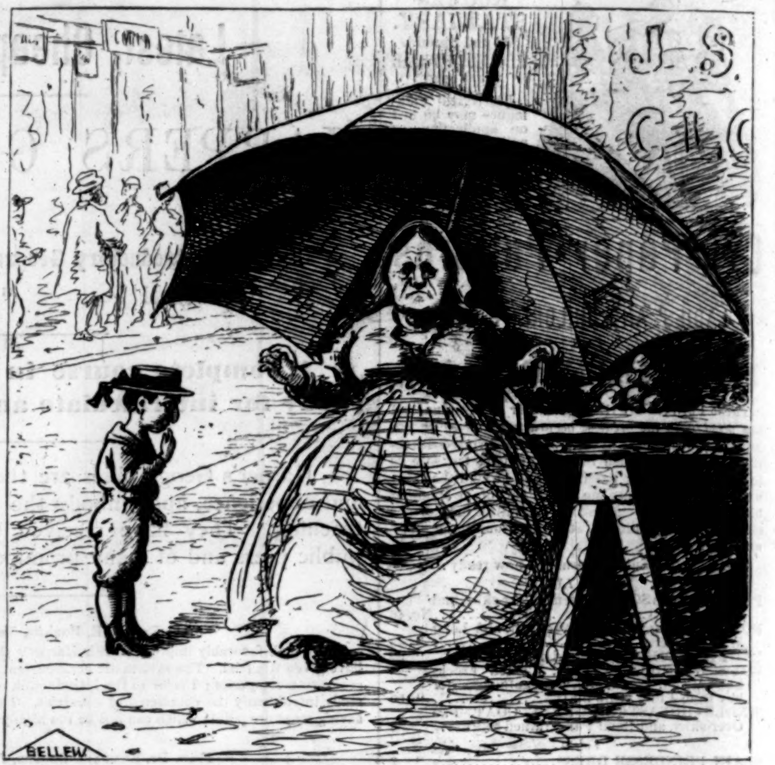

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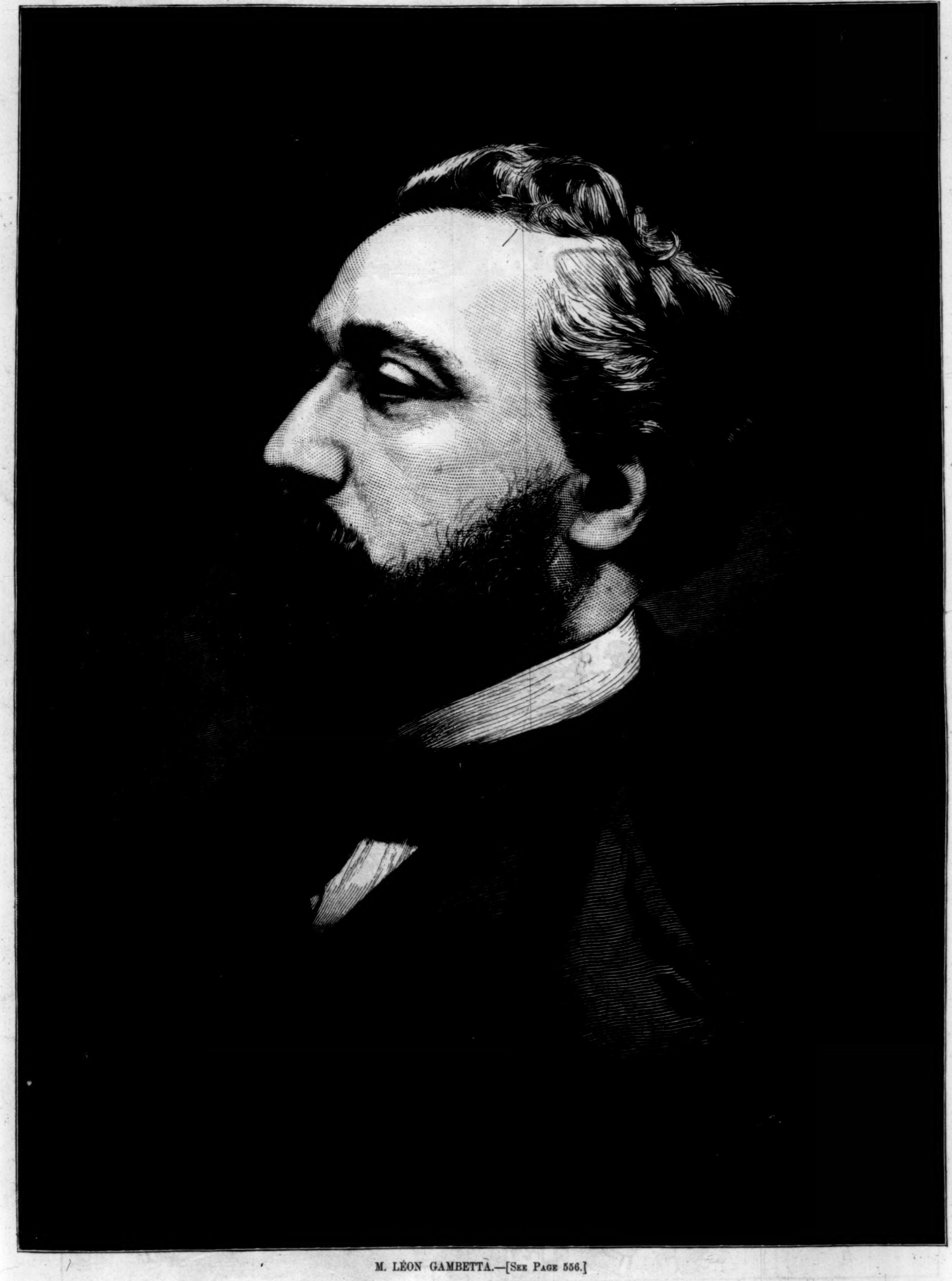
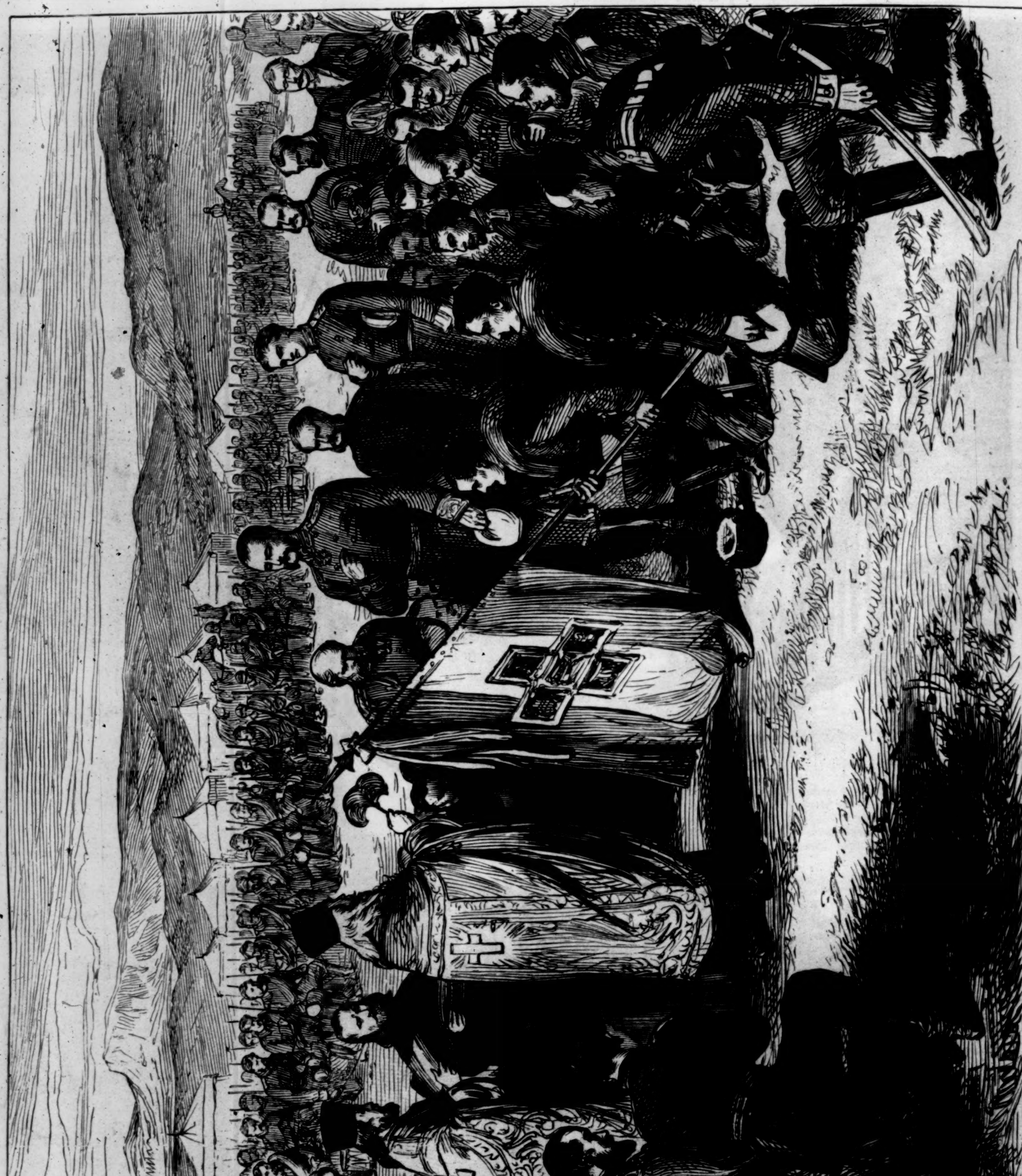


M. LÉON GAMBETTA.—[SEE PAGE 556.]

THE RUSSO-BULGARIAN LEGION.

ON the second page of our Supplement our readers will find a striking picture of an impressive scene that recently took place at Ploiesti, the head-quarters of the Russian army in Roumania. Since the forces of the Czar have been stationed in the region of the Danube, large numbers of Servians, Roumanians, and Bulgarians have demanded permission to enroll themselves as volunteers. None, however, are allowed to join who do not at once consent to be incorporated with the regular soldiery, for the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, commander-in-chief, has expressed his determination not to have any volunteer irregulars hanging in the rear of the army. Thus the formation of a Bulgarian Legion has been ordered, to be composed provisionally of six battalions of infantry, each of five companies, and of six sotnias (hundreds), or three squadrons, of cavalry. The legion is divided into three brigades, each comprising two battalions and two squadrons. The whole is placed under the command of General STOLIFF, who has had the organization of these battalions since the commencement of the war. To prevent it from being too local in its aspirations, and to Russianize the Bulgarians as much as possible while in the Czar's service, the cadres of the Legion are partly made up of regular Russian soldiers, who have a proportion of two to one of the volunteers. The Grand Duke has bestowed upon the Bulgarian Legion a flag displaying the coat of arms of the former kingdom of Bulgaria, with the following inscription: "Forward! with the help of God and the might of the renowned Czar of Russia, ALEXANDER."

At first the Bulgarians are to be employed only in the rear of the army; but as the sphere of operations widens, they will take a more prominent part in the campaign, on account of the excellence of their organization and the tactical merit of the officers who have command of them. The men are said to be already sufficiently familiarized with the Russian language to be able to understand the orders issued to them, and by the time that Bulgaria is occupied many of them will undoubtedly be competent to assist in the formation of fresh battalions. As regards pay, the volunteers receive the same amounts as the regular soldiers, and they also participate in all the privileges enjoyed by the latter. Until now the Bulgarian battalions have been equipped by the Pan-Sclavist committee at Moscow; but although the Russian government is willing that the maintenance of the Legion shall be partly or wholly borne by that society, it intends to take the equipment into its own hand. It is also clearly understood that the insurrectionary operations of these committees must be carried on outside the circle of the Russian army, preference being given to the districts in the rear of the Balkans. The commander-in-chief expects to be kept well informed as to the movements of the Pan-Sclavist agents, in order that he

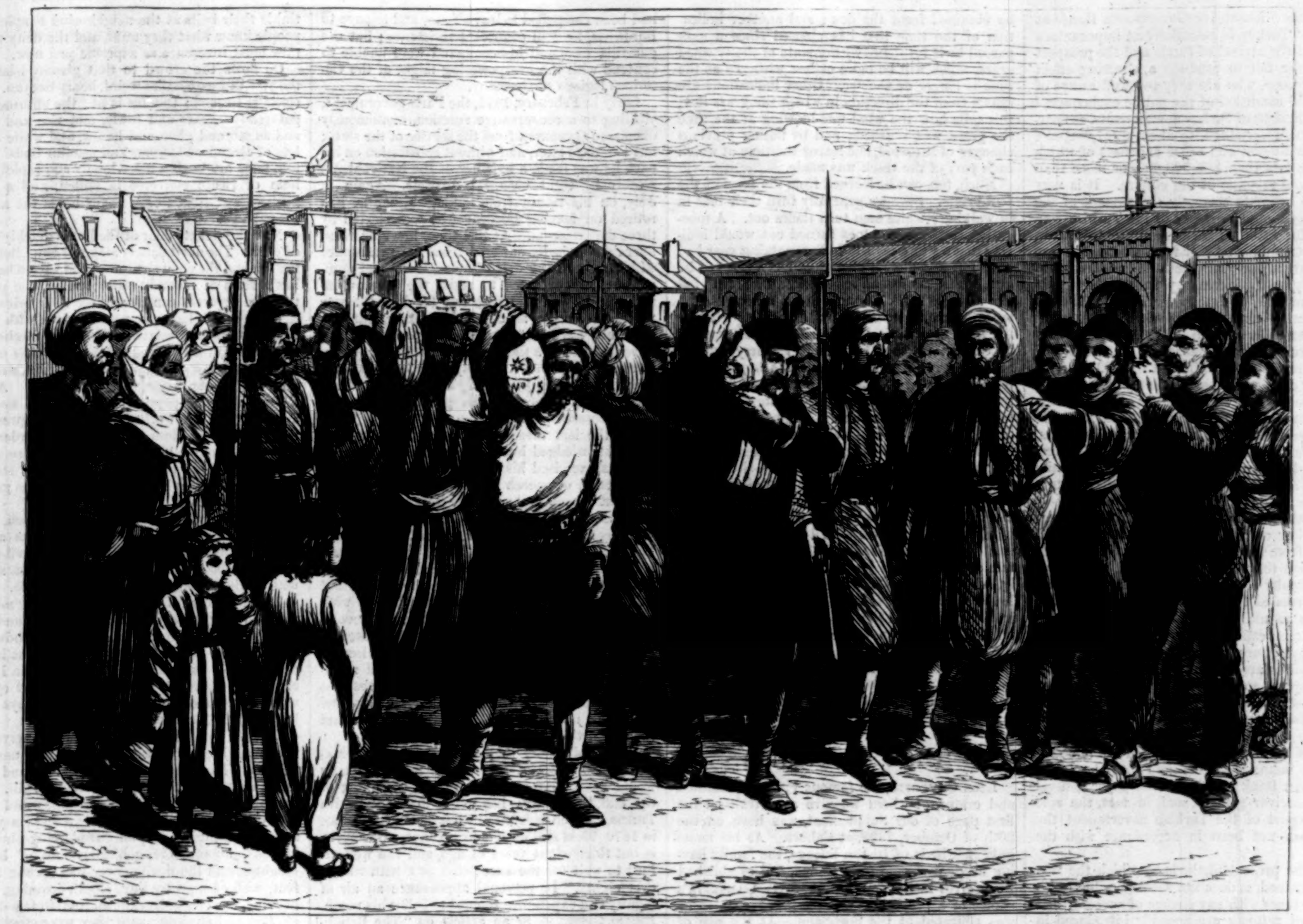


THE RUSSO-BULGARIAN LEGION—CONSECRATION OF BANNERS IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AND HIS SUITE.

may give assistance when necessary, and prevent the organizers in Russia from exerting too much individual freedom. It is anticipated that some very important political results will be achieved by the Bulgarian Legion. On the army crossing the Danube the battalions will serve as the nucleus for future volunteers, who, it is predicted, will flock round the Russian flag in large numbers. The Legion thus enlarged, and representing the Christian population of Bulgaria, may play an important part in the future settlement of that province.

Now that the Russians have finally begun to make their way across the Danube, it is probable that this unfortunate province will become the theatre of conflicts as bloody as any recorded in history. Bulgaria contains an area of about 39,000 square miles, and is bounded on the north by the Danube, on the east by the Black Sea, on the south by the Balkan range, and on the west by Prisrend and Servia. Until 1864 it was divided into the three eyalets or pashalics of Silistria, Widdin, and Nissa. Now, however, it is officially known as the vilayet of Tuna, or the principality of the Danube. The whole province is divided into seven sandjaks or districts under a governor-general, whose residence is at Rustchuk. Of the number of the inhabitants of Bulgaria, or, indeed, of any other population in Turkey, it is difficult to form a correct estimate, as the official statistics are not to be depended upon. According to Colonel BAKER, in his late work upon Turkey, published by Messrs. HENRY HOLT & Co., these inaccuracies "may be accounted for by the corruption of Turkish officials, coupled with the fact of Christians paying a tax in lieu of military service. The head of a household knows when the tax-gatherer is coming, and orders some of the males of his family to make themselves scarce. The tax-gatherer enters the door, and feels a backshish slipped into his hand; and down goes the number of male occupants as three, when it is in reality five. They have another mode of taking the census, which is by counting the number of houses, and taking the average number of occupants as four in each family; but this is evidently a rough-and-ready mode of proceeding, which must be far from accurate, and it is also open to the all-powerful influence of backshish.

Bulgaria contains what is known as the Turkish quadrilateral, or the four great strongholds between the Danube and the passes in the Balkan Mountains. These fortresses are situated at Rustchuk, Silistria, Varna, and Shumla. The distance in an air-line from Rustchuk eastward,

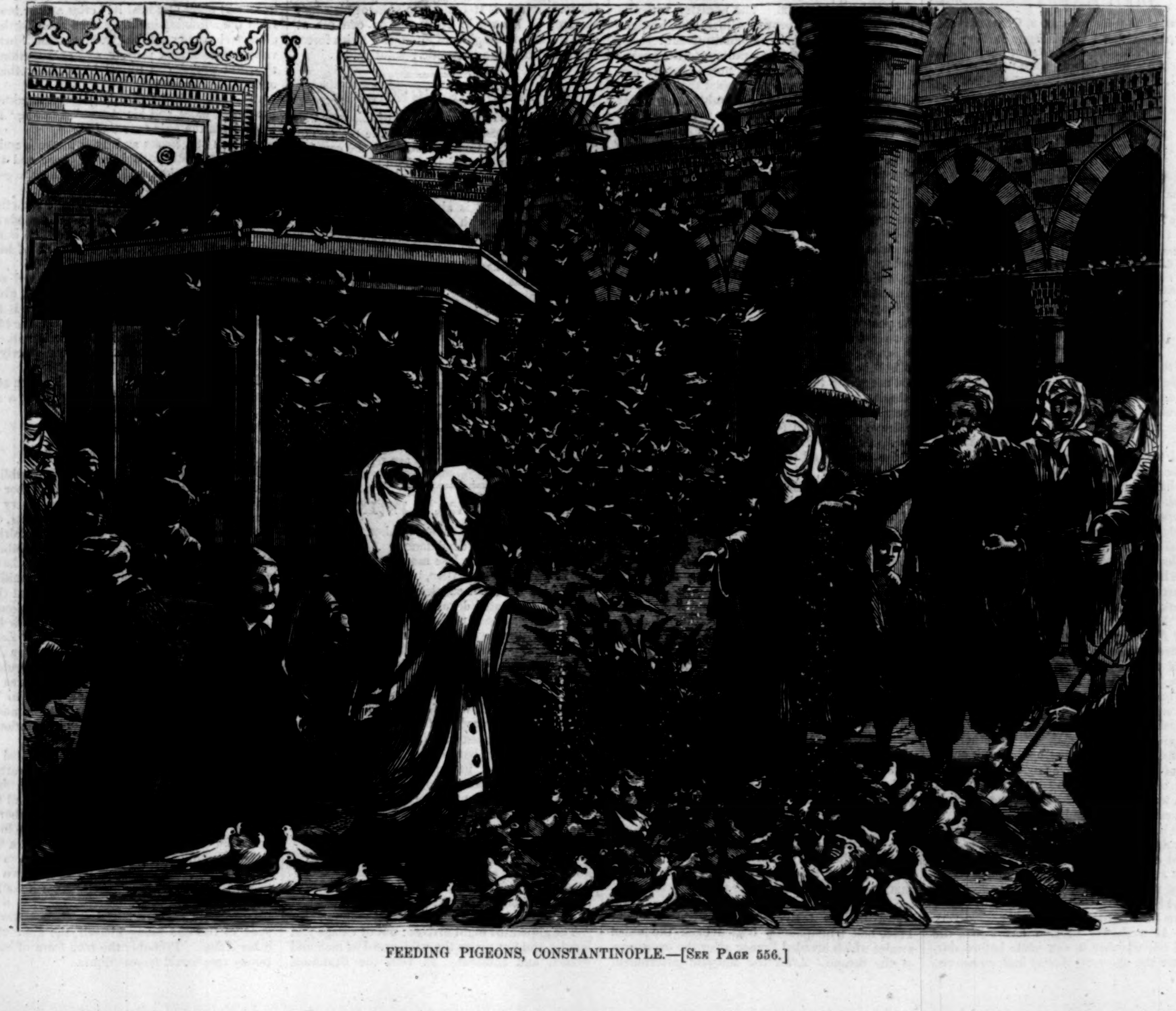


PAYING THE TURKISH TROOPS AT RUSTCHUK.

that is, down the Danube, to Silistria, is about sixty miles; from Silistria to Varna, on the Black Sea, about eighty; from Varna westward to Shumla, about fifty; and from Shumla northward to Rustchuk, about sixty. A railroad runs from Varna to Rustchuk, connecting with Shumla by a short branch line; and although it is but a small affair, with trains ordinarily running but twice a week, it is of vast importance to the Turks in the present campaign, for it not only gives them a great advantage in the movement of troops from one fortress to another, according as they are needed, but also provides an easy means of bringing up supplies and re-enforcements from the Black Sea and Constantinople.

PAYING THE TURKISH TROOPS.

THE first engraving on the third page of our Supplement shows the manner in which the "sinews of war" are transported from the railway



FEEDING PIGEONS, CONSTANTINOPLE.—[SEE PAGE 556.]